

Employees'

The Union
Pacific Coal
Company

Magazine

For the Furtherance
Of Safety and Better
Living Conditions



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JANUARY * 1944



Rock Springs - Reliance - Stansbury - Winton - Superior - Hanna

You Figure It Out

"BECAUSE OF THE HIGH COST OF EVERYTHING, I GOTTA HAVE MORE WAGES!"



"OKAY! WE'LL PASS IT ON IN HIGHER COAL PRICES."

"BECAUSE OF THE HIGH COST OF COAL, I GOTTA CHARGE YOU MORE FOR THIS PRODUCT!"

MANUFACTURER



"UH, HUH. I'LL PASS IT ON TO MY CUSTOMERS."

"BECAUSE OF THE HIGH PRICE OF COAL - YOU KNOW, SAME OLD STUFF."

"YEH, I KNOW!"



"BECAUSE OF THE HIGH COST OF MANUFACTURE, I'M OBLIGED TO CHARGE YOU MORE FOR THIS ARTICLE!"



EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 21

JANUARY, 1944

NUMBER 1

Recent Impressions Of China

BY FATHER G. H. BAUER

"SEE, HEAR AND READ!" was the parting advice I took along on my first trip to China in 1926. The first thing that impressed me was the gorgeous, plenteous aspect of Hongkong, with its perpetual Sunday feeling in the residential districts, the "ant hill" of industry in the Chinese shopping district, the tens of thousands of mysterious wares heaved by the derricks of the dozens of steamers, with the jostling of competing sampans all around. There was something lordly about Hongkong, with those immaculate, sharply creased suits. There was the Sunday morning, still and heavy with blessings and unction, and across the festive air came the sound of the siren from an arriving ocean liner from America or Canada, with the wonder of who would come on it and what it would bring.

Then, knock me over, came the trip on a French coastal tramp with its smell of Chinese traffic and Chinese humanity all over the boat. Heavy gratings of iron closed off the administration deck and the bridge of the boat and heavy steel grills protected it from the seaside. Anamite "scrub" guards were posted. The French Captain shouted like a furious bear at one of them and told him he was fined a day's pay because he neglected to lock the grill on the dot of time. The danger of pirates was the idea. A half dozen of successful large scale piracies happened each year north and south of Hongkong.

Fort Bayard, or Kwang Chow Wan, the French trading post some 200 miles south of Hongkong, was being built up into a jewel of a town by prison labor. I saw large squads of Chinese prisoners with square wooden yokes around their necks, and chains clanging at their feet. They were working with stone and concrete along the streets and roads of public construction.

Having recovered the passport from the French police, a motor boat took us to Muiluk. The sampans seemed to squirm and wriggle like maggots. A sweating mass of coolies, men and women, pushed and pushed around. I had my first taste of talking price over carrying the baggage. The large town

was a perpetual market in chickens, pigs, cows, geese, ducks and all manner of vegetables of every description. Small artisan shops and ware shops were all along the narrow alleys littered with refuse and humming with flies. Ten pairs of baggage carriers trailed and pushed through these alleys shouting continually for gangway. Several times I lost sight of them but caught up before the next turn. Finally, we got to the edge of the town to the French mission. Every corner, except the chapel and the priests' quarters, was occupied by wounded soldiers of the "red" revolutionary army. Because of the nearness of the French fort the missionary was not personally molested. But, no Christian dared to come near the Church.

Once arrived at Father Charles Walker's Mission in Fachow in South Kwangtung, I began a year's intensive study of the Chinese language in the Cantonese dialect. We were instructed not to travel unnecessarily because the sight of us might arouse trouble at this time. Trouble came anyway! One day, under one pretense or other involving our Chinese boy cook with the "red" soldiers, a siege of the mission lasted the whole day. In the evening, the rabble crashed into the mission. Father Walker had consumed the Blessed Sacrament and grabbed half a loaf of bread, and off we went over the roof of our neighbor and walked all night to the next mission at Kochow. The Mission of Fachow was pillaged.

Then came my appointment to a mission of my own. Stopping with other priests in the town of Yeungkong, I still didn't get a rest. After two days, trouble was up here, too. The mission was surrounded by a parade of laborers, students and some soldiers. Shots were fired. The mission was to be burned down and we were to be killed. But, an about face order had come from the present generalissimo of China, and the Colonel of the soldiers arrested all "red" leaders, broke up the mob, and we were safe.

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Articles of interest to our readers, photographs and sketches suitable for reproduction, are solicited and should be addressed to Editor, Employees' Magazine, Union Pacific Coal Co., Rock Springs, Wyo.

For seven years I occupied the Mission of Chiklung. The Christians had increased from a handful to 280. Only once had I trouble with the school authorities, who wanted to break up my catechism school.

Next, came three years at Hoingan. While I was there the registered school increased its enrollment from 140 to 280. A neglected foundling asylum was revived and the method of hiring wet nurses succeeded in raising several dozen children who later, under Father Lavin, got schooling and manual training. Some were adopted by Christian families. The Japanese war prevented Maryknoll Sisters from taking over the school and orphanage for me. During this time, a fallen away parish returned to faith and discipline, counting over 400 souls, and later rose to twice that figure. There, too, a country school of 120 boys and girls was revived and enlarged. At this time, I bought me my mighty horse "Christopher". Even the local officials were astonished at the way I could ride. This, together with a letter I received in the German language, made them certain I was a German spy. Their imaginations got busy. They saw other suspicions in my movements, invented that I frequently went to see the Japanese, and reported me. They were ordered to arrest me and did so on Christmas Day of 1937. I arrived at Canton under guard and the government at once released me when they found I was an American citizen, and, in a left-handed way, apologized in the Provincial papers and the local news piece. But, the matter had caused some unrest in the population and my bishop refused to let me return to the same place.

The next three years I spent near the above mentioned town of Yeungkong, taking part of that prefecture to develop a new mission. In the market of TaiPat I lived in a dingy Chinese shop which had been used as a stop-over by the missionary of Yeungkong. Centipedes and large spiders gave me trouble several times. A little school started up, and I treated many thousand cases in my dispensary. For my mission trip I had my "Christopher" to ride on. This section of hill and mountain population developed into a promising mission. All the while, I made strenuous efforts to buy a suitable property for the establishment of a new mission compound.

A Japanese "piracy" invasion occurred in 1940. Against all warnings I rode through the invading Japanese. I had to get into the town of Yeungkong to help Father Rechsteiner and the Sisters. "Christopher", my horse, took a rifle bullet meant for me, but later I played successfully at horse doctor and he got his spunk back. Troubles were beginning with the Japanese soldiers but an English speaking sergeant, a convert to the Anglican Church in Japan, gave us careful protection. This was the 20th time I (almost) died in my life. The Japanese withdrew after four days of heavy looting but the mission was left untouched.

Mission and dispensary work, endless negotiation for a property, bad meals, sleeping on boards, final-

ly got me down with dysentery. But work had to go on and I didn't get a chance to be cured. Once the property deal was settled, I immediately started for Hongkong. I was told to leave the hospital to make room for the seriously wounded the day Japan attacked Hongkong. For three weeks, I did not get medical attention. Then, on Christmas day, the Japanese got to the Maryknoll House. Thirty-one of us were tied with ropes in the back and led to the firing line. Some British prisoners were taken away and shortly we heard their fierce screams. Then we were kept in a private garage for three days, for the most part, without food or water. An armistice was declared and we had the use of our building again after it was thoroughly looted. We were under guard. A Japanese army doctor kindly took me to the Hongkong hospital. I was almost cured when the Army took over and all the patients were sent to the concentration camp with most of the American and British subjects of Hongkong. The conditions of the concentration camp made me worse again and several times I was given only a few days to live. But, there I was, reading murder stories, one a day, and forgot each time the day set for me to die. That's now twenty-four times I died (almost).

Lack of food, separation from kith and kin, the slowly creeping despair of speedy release from the concentration camp—the ever sinking condition of the body and the ever sinking hope are great trials for the internee. For me and two hundred other Americans with me, this hope sank to almost nothing when it was announced that the repatriation boat would sail on June 31. Since there is no such day, we thought the Japanese meant it as a huge joke on us. But, lo and behold, the steamer arrived on June 30, and sailed on July 1, 1942 with most of the Americans on it. A few stayed, thinking the war was to end soon, and they wanted to be on hand to retrieve their lost possessions. Such Maryknollers as were not sick, or ordered to go, also stayed with the chance of leaving the concentration camp. They were later permitted to return into free China because it was conceded that, as missionaries, they were non-combatants and that the nature of their work was peaceful. Only two self-sacrificing American priests remained in concentration, of their own will, being intrusted with the spiritual needs of the faithful. For the British internees it promises to be a long wait and many may die in concentration.

The most welcome boat trip over some 17,000 miles, stopping at two glorious harbors, the happy arrival, and a vacation of two months put me on the road to full recovery. Now, I am ready and waiting for the time when it is possible to return to China, because my brethren still on the missions there need relieving badly, after lean and anxious times, or for their health's sake.

The political situation in China, when I first went there, was dark. Different sections of China were under the sway of temporary war lords, who often got their start as powerful bandit chiefs, but became honorable as heads of provinces. These prov-

inces had their age-old division of Fooos or first class Mandarimates and the simple Yuens or simple Mandarimates. The Mandarins were mostly landed gentry, who got their position by personal pull or actually through graft. Some of them were good Mandarins, others made as much money as they could in the shortest possible time, because someone might outbid them for the position. In this wise, the more or less independent official, while in office, misruled a burdened populace.

This was largely changed with the coming of the Republic in 1928. From then on, capable business heads and successful students of the universities, on the whole a schooled type of men, took hold of the government. For some years the ideals of clean government ran very high. Modern ideas got working. A complete code of modern law was established and the courts ruled according to statutes of law. Education was completely modernized, standardized, and unified. Universities, colleges, high schools, and primary schools dotted every district in a short time. A great awakening got the student world to become a bit overbearing. So, when the world was ominously near explosion, these students did much by their political agitation against the outside world, and Japan in particular, to hasten the explosion. The general and rapid progress in road building and communication, sanitation, business methods, public morals and military organization set China teeming with prosperity and a show of strength. This could not be allowed by Japan, who feared the Chinese colossus. And so, there could be nothing but war.

Since the outbreak of the war, the military side of the country absorbed the higher circles of government and the political integrity again fell into ruin. Large sections of China are virtually controlled by Japan. All along the seacoast, roads were dug up as a precautionary measure and, as the Japanese advanced, this was done farther and farther back into the interior. Over large territories, supplies have been robbed and pirated by Japanese forays. The exchange of supplies has become very difficult and so China has returned to the stage where famine cannot be relieved by rapid transit. Banditry is springing up again as a result of poverty and disorganization, whereas banditry had been practically wiped out during the ten years of progress under a peaceful Republic.

The Chinese silver currency had mostly been sent to the United States for industrial and war equipment. For it, America printed notes for China. But, this Chinese paper currency soon lost all value outside of China and became fabulously inflated within the country, and so rapidly, that the masses of working people remained hopelessly behind the prices in their earnings. This is probably the principal cause for starvation and banditry. While I was still in China in 1941, large numbers of young girls were traded off in famine territory to districts that were better off. Large portions of the population of crowded famine centers have migrated and

swarmed like locusts over other places creating one debacle after another. It is agonizing to look on, but the problem is so great that nothing but peace can bring relief. American help just evaporates, as it were, in such a country as China. But the Chinese are hardened to suffering. It is difficult to imagine a more stoical people anywhere. And, given more than a "Chinaman's chance," the Chinese would rebound into prosperity in a fabulously short time. They are a great people, but they must be given the fair chance which they never have received in their long history.

Run of the Mine

A Happier New Year

WITH THIS the first number of the Employees' Magazine in the twenty-first year of its publication, the magazine comes of age, its adolescent and school day period past.

Much has happened since the advent of our first issue, that of January, 1924, a small number containing but sixteen pages, the editress, Mrs. Atlanta E. Hecker, who unfortunately passed away on April 4 of that year, preparing but three issues of the magazine. Looking over the first magazine, we are startled to note how many of those who were then active in our various mining communities have passed to their reward, all splendid people. Doubtless the next twenty years will show even more startling changes, but that is the way of life. It is not so much a question of how long you live, but how well you live.

The year that has just closed has been a hard and bitter one, heartened only by the definite proof that right has again, as it always has, prevailed. The end of the war is yet afar off and more and greater sorrows will come during the year to the families of the youth who:

"went away, the sunlight in their eyes,
the bright wind blowing through their shining hair."

One cannot look back over 1943 with any degree of pride; somehow none of us did all that we could have done for the war effort—perhaps we were too far away from Africa, Sicily, Italy and the Islands of the South Seas, including Tarawa, where the United States Marines won new laurels, dying by the hundreds and thousands, winning a new high in the history of the corps. To these young Marines, and the thousands of their compatriots, in whatever branch of the service they may have served, on the land, the sea, above or below, and in the air, we can say in the words of Rupert Brooke's exquisite sonnet, changing the word *England* to *America*:

If I should die, think only this of me:

That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever America, There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom America bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of America's breathing American air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by America
given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an American heaven.

Whatever the end result may be, there remains
but one way out—to make the best of taxes, of
probable unemployment, of the endless task of car-
ing for thousands upon thousands of soldiers who
are now beginning to come back, broken in mind
and body. Let us have enough courage to greet the
unseen with a cheer, and so again, A HAPPIER
NEW YEAR.

Eugene McAuliffe

The Stansbury Mine Strike

ON DECEMBER 13, the night shift at the Stansbury
mine struck, totally disregarding

The solemn agreement signed by the Union's Inter-
national officers, forbidding all strikes;

The fact that 700 of their fellow workers are serving
in the armed forces of our country, at home and abroad,
many of whom are being wounded and killed daily;

The flag of the United States and the express orders
of their government;

The no-strike provisions of the Smith-Connally act,
which provides for fines and imprisonment for striking
on a property under government control;

The specific instructions of their own elected dis-
trict president; and

Every element of decency and loyalty to their em-
ployer, who, in this instance, was the United States of
America.

A certain number of men employed on the day
shift continued to remain at work, while their local
union president, financial secretary and recording
secretary continued to agitate against their work-
ing.

The five leaders were discharged, and the Selec-
tive Service authorities were notified that the defer-
ment requested by the employing company was
withdrawn. Those who were accepted for service
came back as new employees, thus forfeiting the va-
cation allowance of \$50 provided for in the wage
agreement, against which they struck. In addition,
the strikers lost six days' earnings.

We have the impression that it is the wives and
children of this gallant band of strikers who, in the
last analysis, will suffer the most. They have our
most sincere sympathy.

The Wage Agreement

IT WAS "Windsor", then King of England, who
resurrected the expression "At long last", this
when he was leaving England, perhaps forever—
and for love.

The coal mining wage agreement has been in the
"long last" stage (without the love) since March
10, 1943, and as the *Employees' Magazine* goes to
press, it is still in a state of gestation, the ultimate
time of arrival anybody's guess, the more than nine
months' period of argument, quibbling, indirection,
circumvention and at times vituperative mud-sling-
ing, representing a new high point in the disgrace-
ful juggling of one of the most important issues
with which the nation has had to deal. Sooner or
later the public who takes the punishment will re-
peat the President's remark of several months ago,
"Plague on both your houses."

Heaven Help The Meat Men

FOR GENERATIONS the person who weighs out the
round steaks and the pork chops has suffered
from lack of formal education, perhaps his chief ac-
complishment that of weighing in his thumb with
each sale.

That day is now over and the successful meat
cutter with a Harvard degree can now look any
man in the face—providing he understands the in-
structions handed out by the OPA under Section 23
of OPA's MPR No. 355 governing ceiling prices for
beef, veal, lamb and mutton cuts. Again we echo,
"God Save America."

"Fourth, the excess loin (lumbar and pelvic sacral) fat
shall be trimmed from the inside of the full loin upon a
flat surface, with no other support to change its position,
meat side down, and removing all fat which extends above
a flat plane parallel with the flat surface supporting the
full loin and on a level with the protruding edge of the
lumbar section of the chine bone. Then all fat shall be re-
moved which extends above a flat plane, using the follow-
ing two lines as guides for each side of the plane: an
imaginary line parallel with the full length of the protrud-
ing edge of the lumbar section of the chine bone, which line
extends one inch directly above such protruding edge; a
line on the inside of the loin two inches from the flank
edge and running parallel with such edge for the full length
of the loin. All fat obstructing the measurement of the
second line shall be removed. In addition to the foregoing,
all rough fat in the pelvic cavity of the heavy end of the
loin (sirloin) shall be trimmed smooth and trimming by a
knife shall be apparent. No fat remaining in the pelvic
cavity shall exceed one inch in depth."

If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve
inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we
have been so long contending—if we mean not
basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we
have been so long engaged, and in which we have
pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glori-
ous object of our contest shall be obtained—we
must fight! I repeat, sir, we must fight!

—Patrick Henry 1775

What Is The Matter With The Coal Industry, And What Does The Year Ahead Promise Those Who Must Have Fuel?

EUGENE MCAULIFFE

I HAVE been asked by the Chicago Journal of Commerce to express my frank opinion as to what 1944 holds for the solid fuel industry. Given the opportunity, I will attempt to deal with the actualities of the problem, rather than to indulge in platitudinous generalities, too frequently intended to drug and divert the mind of the "forgotten man", the consumer, who takes a continuous measure of punishment and who, and who alone, pays the bills.

Let us review briefly what has happened in the conduct of the bituminous coal wage negotiations which had their beginning in New York City on March 10, 1943, and which are far from being wholly resolved as this is written. To begin with, no informed person will dispute the fact that the coal industry is second only to agriculture and stock raising in national importance. Coal lies at the very foundation of transportation, manufacturing, the production and processing of steel and all other metals, and the conduct of the war. The comfort and health of the overwhelming majority of our people is affected seriously by any shortage of coal for domestic use. There are yet a few who remember the coal strike of November 1, 1919, when the use of coal was restricted from sheer lack of a sufficient supply, with churches and places of amusement closed, street lights and signs darkened, with thousands of furnaces in hotels, apartment buildings and in homes banked, many of the people so affected suffering from a world-wide epidemic whose toll in the United States alone was 600,000 lives. During the strike referred to, 415,000 men walked out, 71 percent of the coal producing capacity of the nation was strangled, with a loss to the workers of 15,761,410 man-days of employment.

The strike of 1919 is now a quarter of a century behind us, but nothing has been done in the meantime to lift the coal industry up to a sense of its responsibilities to the forgotten man, woman and child, who pay for the capital invested, for the mineral exhausted, for the labor, material and supplies consumed in getting out the nation's coal. The matter of working out a wage contract is still looked upon as the private fight of a portion of the coal producers and the United Mine Workers of America, the representatives who speak for the government, wheedling, threatening and coaxing in turn, while the present disgraceful controversy has passed into its ninth month, without a contract.

The time is ripe for some straight, homely Main Street thinking, for the liquidation (lawfully) of each and every so-called labor leader who has been allowed to put 600,000 men (but four-tenths of one percent of the nation's population) above the common right of the mass of the people, of the war ef-

fort—and the United States Government. During the negotiation period of nine months (yet uncompleted) the coal mines of the nation have been taken over twice by the government, on May 1 and again on November 1. During these two periods, under the orders of the President and the Secretary of the Interior, the flag of the United States was flown over every mine tippie, the coal operators attempting to obey the mandate to "get out coal" while numerous recurring strikes occurred, with excessive absenteeism and slow-downs, the mine workers, in substance, thumbing their noses at the flag, all costing the production of an estimated 40,000,000 tons of badly needed coal. Two of these strikes, the first complete, the second partial, took effect after carefully worded telegrams were sent out by President John L. Lewis to his various district presidents. It will be remembered that it was a less carefully worded telegram which precipitated the Herrin, Illinois, massacre of June 22, 1922, when 26 men were mercilessly murdered by a mob led and inspired by the U. M. W. of A. So much for the union and its part in this tragic drama.

Since April 1, 1934, when General Hugh Johnson of Blue Eagle fame; Mr. J. D. Francis, President of The Island Creek Coal Company; and Mr. John L. Lewis, President of the U. M. W. of A.; after a long and presumably tedious night's work in a room in the Washington Hotel in Washington, D. C., brought in the seven-hour day and the 35-hour week, and until the Illinois Coal Operators' Association tossed their idea of a wage contract into the laps of the War Labor Board in July, last, the central and western states' operators have been forced to accept the so-called basic scale of wages and hours adopted in the Appalachian District, without voice or vote in the negotiations conducted in New York City. This program of "take it or leave it" so successfully employed by the union, was perhaps the forerunner of the present day radio program embracing the "sixty-four dollar" question.

The War Labor Board tossed the Illinois agreement into the waste basket late in August, but not until the criminally pestiferous "portal to portal" idea of beating the War Labor Board's "Little Steel Formula" had been fastened on the industry, perhaps for all time. This subterfuge was seized upon by the Secretary of the Interior and has been supported by him since its adoption by Mr. Lewis and the Illinois operators. Underlying this theory of wage measurements, so complicated that the average trained timekeeper clerk is unable to understand its involvements, rest thousands of mine workers, so befuddled by the many complicated explana-

tions and formulas put out, that they refused to accept same. Many men, in fact, continued to work for several weeks on the old hour and wage basis, refusing to believe that any increase in wages had been granted to them by the Ickes-Lewis agreement.

That the whole project is a "forced draft" enterprise is evidenced by the fact that its authors, in order to give outside surface workers some form of increase, artificially lengthened the work-day of seven hours to eight hours and fifteen minutes, the last one-and-a-quarter hours paid for on a time and one-half basis. In the case of powerhouse and other employes who work around the clock, that is, three shifts of eight hours, provision was made to give these men 35 minutes added pay at time and one-half, this with the certain knowledge that no useful return can be obtained from the overlapping 35 minutes. The War Labor Board further displayed their weakness in granting approval (with one lone dissenter) to this evasive hodgepodge while the mine workers were out on strike, something they solemnly and repeatedly averred they would not do.

Let us take a moment to explore the earnings of mine workers covered by the wage scale under which Mr. Lewis repeatedly told the world that his membership, with their families, were compelled to starve. Preferring to deal with facts, rather than emotion-stirring propaganda, I will submit the net average wages earned and time worked by the men, women and boys, members of the union, on the properties in my charge, the mines of The Union Pacific Coal Company, under the so-called "starvation rate" paid for a seven-hour day.

		Avg. Days			
		Avg. No. (7 Hrs.)			
		Employees Worked		Avg. Net Earnings	
		Working per Mo.		Daily Monthly	
1943					
Jan. 1-June 30	2,640	25.98	\$9.52	\$247.38	
July	2,589	27.18	9.31	253.05	
August	2,621	27.07	9.27	250.94	
September	2,634	26.91	9.32	250.77	
October	2,671	27.60	9.36	258.33	

The highly involved Ickes-Lewis agreement, over which a subcommittee of operators and mine-worker leaders exchanged pleasantries for weeks, has necessitated increases in prices to consumers of varying amounts per ton, while the mine workers continuously argue that they have been sold down the river by their union leaders, their employers and the government, with the result that unrest is rampant, unit production per hour is down, the number of accidents are increasing and voluntary absenteeism is prevalent. It is hard to reconcile the theory of starvation wages so poignantly exploited by Mr. Lewis with the fact that his men too frequently prefer to loaf rather than to work. We confess that as this is written, we cannot say just what the increase in wages will be in our mines, but we do know, for example, that test sampling indicates increases approximating 20 percent, the end result comparable with the previous earnings shown only possible of presentation after a month's payroll experience. We submit the earnings of one good, industrious worker, who earned \$404.00 in the month of October, and for which he will be paid, under the Ickes-Lewis scale for the same identical hours and tasks, the sum of \$495.74, or an increase of \$91.74, equal to 22.7 percent.

With the thought that the measure of wages now received, under the Ickes-Lewis agreement, by men who go underground in our Wyoming mines, may be of interest to western coal users, we submit same. The so-called basic wage of \$7.00 for seven hours work upon which all of Mr. Ickes' calculations are based, is \$7.42 in the west; however that particular classification has been completely overshadowed by the advent of mechanization, for which service, higher rates are invariably paid; the \$7.00 wage has, in fact, become more of a standard of measurement than an actual wage, only a few men working underground heretofore receiving the \$7.00, or, in the west, the \$7.42 wage.

CURRENT WEEK STARTS MONDAY

	Day Rate	Loader Head	Face man	Duckbill Operator	Machine Runner	Joy Loader Operator
Base rate per day	\$7.42	\$ 8.40	\$ 8.80	\$ 9.20	\$ 9.60	\$10.00
Base rate per hour	1.06	1.20	1.257	1.314	1.371	1.428
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, or first 4 days worked during any given week (per shift)	9.01	10.20	10.69	11.17	11.66	12.14
Friday, or 5th day worked during week (per shift)	10.93	12.38	12.96	13.55	14.14	14.73
Saturday, or 6th day worked during week (per shift)	13.52	15.30	16.03	16.76	17.49	18.21

Where employes work seven consecutive days, whether such seventh day be Sunday or any other day, double the base rate must be paid. This is particularly severe where repairs must be made on Sunday. In addition to the higher rates quoted, the

operators, having paid a \$50 per man vacation gift, will now pay \$40 additional as a sop to offset the union's failure to discover the possibilities of the "portal to portal" scheme sooner.

In conclusion, and speaking for a property that

has paid the highest wages paid to mine workers in any coal mining region in the world, where the earnings of individuals (with a flair for work) often exceeded, under the old scale, \$500 monthly; where the accident ratio is approximately one-fifth of the national coal mine average; with a management made up of men who have come up from labor's ranks; we hold it is time to reform the coal industry's method of wage negotiations. This betterment can only be brought about by positive action on the part of the consumer, who, as before stated, is the struggling, squirming, half-suffocated individual in the old school game of "nigger pile". The disease is too deep-seated to expect betterment to come from either the operators, the miners' union, or a shifting, vacillating succession of conflicting governmental and politically-minded bureaus, each jealous of its own prerogatives.

Nothing but an extremely mild season averted a fuel famine in the west in the winter of 1942-3, a brand of weather yet enjoyed so far this year. With a mineral reserve so large as to make it useless to compute same, and with adequate mine development and machinery to produce the needed coal, it seems tragic to read of Mr. Ickes' recent plan to set up allocation offices in 65 cities at a cost of \$3,550,000, to do what—*not to insure a sufficient supply of coal, but to parcel out an insufficient production.*

Looking backward over forty years, I can only appraise the average coal mining wage discussion as less intelligent and infinitely less productive than the average afternoon pink tea. Coal mining executives, many of whom at least are well paid, spend endless weeks, even months, in New York or Washington, putting up at a leading hotel remote from their places of business. During the same period, Mr. Lewis, with a battery of union officials behind him, blasts away at the operators, the various ranking officers of the government, the newspapers, and any other noncombatant who will listen to his fulminations, delivered in a style which frequently overshadows the past efforts of Wilkes-Booth, Richard Mansfield, James O'Neil, Sir Henry Irving, or the late John Barrymore. What an Othello the world has lost to the coal industry.

Supplementing the battalion of coal executives and Washington union officials, there continually flits across the country, the miners' so-called "policy committee", who sit unvoiced for weeks, while their president not only makes the policies, but expresses them. There is a story to the effect that one overconfident district officer from Wyoming once had the temerity to express an opinion in a policy committee meeting, but when he saw a ton of verbal bricks coming his way, he decided to sit down.

It is time for the fellow who is continuously castigated by these antics to rouse himself, demanding the repeal of the various unilateral labor laws that have been enacted to corral the labor vote (and the New Dealers are not the only sinners), thereafter demanding one law that will place equal re-

sponsibility on both employer and employee for the continuation of the nation's fuel supply, with an adequate rate of compensation, proper working hours, and generally decent treatment for the mine workers; a law that will require the labor unions, which are now more powerful than the various branches of the respective state and Federal governments, to incorporate, meeting all the legal requirements that attach to other aggregations of capital engaged in public service. Above all, those who promote coal mining strikes in war time, whether employer or unionist, should be looked upon as guilty of treason.

Increased Rail Traffic In 1944 Predicted

RAILROAD freight traffic in 1944 will increase between two and five per cent over 1943, and railroad passenger business will go up between 10 and 20 per cent, Mr. J. M. Gormley, Executive Assistant of The Association of American Railroads, predicted in an address before the Southeast Shippers Advisory Board in Birmingham, Alabama on December 9. If traffic mounts at this rate, Mr. Gormley said, the railroads next year will be called upon to handle about 125 per cent more freight traffic than they did in 1939, the year war broke out in Europe, and approximately 85 per cent more than in 1918, the peak year of the First World War. They also will be required to handle 327 per cent more passenger traffic than they did in 1939 and 127 per cent more than in 1918, he added.

"I believe that the railroads will be able to do the job in 1944 as well as they have done it since the beginning of the war," Mr. Gormley said. "But to do it will require the superhuman effort of all concerned with transportation, and that means not only the railroads, but also the shippers and receivers of freight, those who travel and the government."

Faced with an increase in traffic, the railroads have a hard pull ahead of them, Office of Defense Transportation Director Eastman warned in a speech in New York on December 8, before the National Association of Manufacturers.

"The railroads," Mr. Eastman said, "are now going into what well may be a hard winter, and any winter hampers and slows down rail operations. Right now, also, railroad traffic is materially greater than a year ago, and it promises so to continue. The railroads are handling it with only sporadic car shortages, but they are up to the limit of capacity with little or no strength in reserve. The pattern of traffic has changed, and overseas movements through the ports are continually increasing. The railroads are in no condition to take on in any volume traffic which has been handled by the trucks, and cannot handle much of it as well. Like the trucks, they also are faced by a serious manpower problem which promises to become worse.

"What I have said relates to the carriage of freight, but the same—and more—can be said of the carriage of passengers. There no relief is in sight, but only the certainty of an even heavier demand. One of the dangers of transportation now is that people see, or think they see, the end of the war, and unconsciously they begin to relax and crave old-time freedom of movement and release from restrictions. As the war comes to its climax, now is the time, not to

relax our efforts, but to put on more steam. Nothing is more dangerous than overconfidence in anticipation of victory.

"Particularly we cannot afford to let down in transportation, for the worst pull is immediately ahead. I want the carriers to go over the top in glory, and not with a blot on their record. In the circumstances, I have, in conjunction with the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads, and the organized shippers of the country, set in motion a campaign for a 10 per cent improvement in railroad operating performance. You may ask what the shippers have to do with that. The answer is that the object is to keep the cars in rapid circulation and get from them as much work as possible. By loading and unloading cars quickly, loading them to capacity, and routing them skillfully, the shippers can do much to cut down the turn-around time.

"So much has been done by the managements and by the traffic managers of industry and the Government, to get the most out of our railroad facilities that it is hard to believe that more can be done, and yet I am sure that it is possible. The committee which has this matter in charge is pointing out the ways in detail—to the railroads and to the shippers. There is no record that cannot be broken. The railroads have broken many, since the emergency began, and with the continued help of the shippers they can break a few more. The response from the business interests of the country to the opening guns of this campaign has been most gratifying. I ask you from my heart to do everything that you can to support it.

"This campaign has been directed to the railroads, because of the critical conditions which we believe lie immediately ahead of them; and after all theirs is the biggest share of the load. But there can be no doubt in our minds as to the essential and pervasive importance of rubber-borne transportation, nor as to the vital service that is being rendered by the water carriers, the pipe lines, and the air carriers. When the World War ends, I have no doubt that all of these carriers will resume, more hotly than ever, their own competitive warfare. Now they compete not for the traffic, of which there is a superfluity, but in the common cause of the war effort. My prayers are these: May all these carriers be able to carry through to the end the splendid record of war performance which now stands to their credit. And may you and I do all in our power to help them."

The "Right" To Strike

"THE 'right to strike' is among those which the preamble of the Declaration calls 'unalienable.' So much is, no doubt, clear. But none of these rights has ever been regarded as *absolute* against the community. A person's life, liberty and his opportunity to pursue happiness have always been taken from him when it was necessary to do so to preserve the lives, liberties and opportunities to pursue happiness of his fellows. At this very moment at least ten millions of our fellow citizens have actually been deprived of all three rights and, for good measure, we have all been deprived of a goodly share of our property—all because of the deadly danger to the whole people. No one questions the need for this proceeding, nor its justice. *Salus populi suprema lex*—'the people's safety is the supreme law,' and always has been for it has to be. . . .

"The essence of patriotism is a sense of duty and that sense of duty is firmly rooted in our national consciousness so far as the sacrifice of life in the country's defense is concerned. . . . We have learned to subordinate a man's 'right to life' to the national

'right to safety'; we have not yet learned to subordinate a man's 'right to strike' to anything—not even to the national right to safety. We have, so far, admitted that 'right' to be absolute, the only one of its kind in our system.

"The only justification possible for such a 'right' would be the absence of any other means for ascertaining and securing justice in employer-employee relations. But we have precisely the same means for doing so in their case as we have in all other human relations. . . . We have all the machinery for ascertainment of facts concerning wages and working conditions. Not only is this so but we have the means for enforcing the demands of justice so ascertained upon the employer. . . ."

—Thomas F. Woodlock in the *Wall Street Journal*.

Death Comes To Glen A. Knox

FOLLOWING a few days' illness from what was but a minor ailment, one of Wyoming's most loved citizens passed away in the Wyoming General Hospital at Rock Springs, at 6 A. M. on Tuesday morning, December 21, 1943, the immediate cause of death a heart attack.

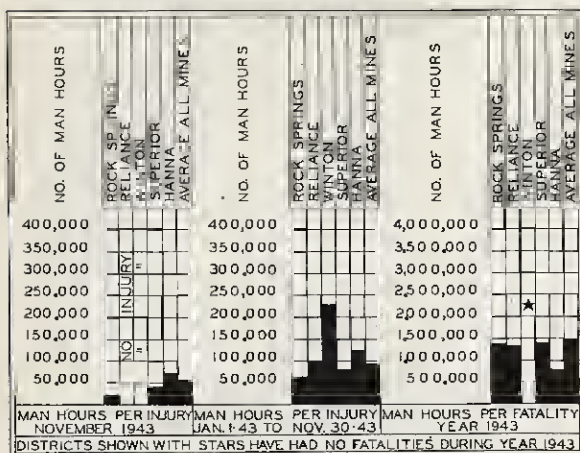
To know Glen was to love him, his abiding good nature and sense of humor were coupled with an unparalleled capacity for making friends, and the winning of friendships was not his only qualification. He was a capable engineer and coal mine manager, carrying heavy responsibilities for his company for many years. The late Mr. P. J. Quealy and Mr. John Kemmerer of New York City always held Mr. Knox in high esteem as a mine manager.

Born in Hillsboro, Texas, Glen came to Wyoming in 1907, where he was first employed in the engineering department of the Union Pacific Railroad, later associating himself with Mr. Quealy at Kemmerer, coming to Rock Springs in 1918, where he has operated the Gunn-Quealy Coal Company's Sweetwater and Gunn mines. An active member of the Southern Wyoming Coal Operators Association, Mr. Knox in addition served as chairman of the Wyoming Section of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, and likewise he served as secretary of the Wyoming Taxpayers Association.

Mr. Knox is survived by his wife, Mrs. Grace Johnson Knox, a daughter Betty, absent and serving in the armed forces, one brother, and three sisters. The funeral services were held in the Old Timers Auditorium at Rock Springs, on Sunday, December 26, the Reverend Henry A. Link, Rector of the Episcopal Church of The Holy Communion of Rock Springs, officiating, the remains interred in Mountain View Cemetery with commitment services by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Make It Safe

November Accident Graph



DURING the month of November we had nine injuries, three from fall of coal or rock, three from handling material, two from machinery, and one from fall of person. Nearly all of these could have been avoided by better workmanship.

Better workmanship should be our means to reach our goal (no fatalities and not more than two lost-time injuries per month) for the year 1944. This is not an easy goal to reach but it can be done *if every one of us will do our part*. That means setting timber properly when it is time to set it and not when it is most convenient. We will have to do a better job of trimming the ribs and face of our working place. A great deal more attention should be given to the handling of material. This has been the cause of many of our accidents which have resulted in hernias. We have had injuries caused by falling jack pipes. Most of these could have been prevented by digging a good hole in the top. Our haulage will require constant attention. Be sure that clearance is maintained.

The above and many other things we are doing will have to be done better. The things you do and the attention you give your work are the big factors in your safety and the safety of the men working with you in the mine.

LOST-TIME INJURIES AND MAN HOURS BY MINES

NOVEMBER, 1943

	<i>Man Hours</i>	
	<i>Man Hours</i>	<i>Injuries Per Injury</i>
Rock Springs No. 4....	16,377	1
Rock Springs No. 8....	46,136	1
Rock Springs No. 11....	29,575	2

Rock Springs Outside..	23,981	1	23,981
Total	116,069	5	23,214
Reliance No. 1.....	47,149	0	No Injury
Reliance No. 7.....	45,078	0	No Injury
Reliance Outside.....	26,796	0	No Injury
Total	119,023	0	No Injury
Stansbury Inside	12,837	0	No Injury
Stansbury Outside	6,872	0	No Injury
Total	19,709	0	No Injury
Winton No. 1.....	22,250	0	No Injury
Winton Nos. 3 and 7½ Seams, No. 7½ Mine	35,769	0	No Injury
Winton Outside	15,125	0	No Injury
Total	73,144	0	No Injury
Superior "D"	14,829	0	No Injury
Superior D. O. Clark:			
Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams	43,947	0	No Injury
Nos. 9 and 15 Seams	42,523	3	14,174
Superior Outside	24,313	0	No Injury
Total	125,612	3	41,871
Hanna No. 4-A	47,585	1	47,585
Hanna Outside	22,532	0	No Injury
Total	70,117	1	70,117
All Districts, 1943....	523,674	9	58,186
All Districts, 1942....	526,726	6	87,788

LOST-TIME INJURIES AND MAN HOURS BY MINES

JANUARY 1 TO NOVEMBER 30, 1943

	<i>Man Hours</i>	
	<i>Man Hours</i>	<i>Injuries Per Injury</i>
Rock Springs No. 4....	276,952	3
Rock Springs No. 8....	493,037	10
Rock Springs No. 11...	314,860	7
Rock Springs Outside..	320,546	2
Total	1,405,395	22
Reliance No. 1.....	546,802	5
Reliance No. 7.....	541,266	9
Reliance Outside.....	302,928	0
Total	1,390,996	14
Stansbury Inside	83,754	2
Stansbury Outside	56,955	0
Total	140,709	2

Winton No. 1.....	277,337	1	277,337
Winton Nos. 3 and 7½ Seams, No. 7½ Mine	447,075	3	149,025
Winton Outside	188,119	0	No Injury
Total	912,531	4	228,133
Superior "D"	228,126	0	No Injury
Superior D. O. Clark:			
Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams	506,892	7	72,413
Nos. 9 and 15 Seams	487,912	10	48,791
Superior Outside	264,949	2	132,475
Total	1,487,879	19	78,309
Hanna No. 4-A	517,369	6	86,228
Hanna Outside	278,774	0	No Injury
Total	796,143	6	132,691
All Districts, 1943....	6,133,653	67	91,547
All Districts, 1942....	4,831,276	35	138,036

STATEMENT SHOWING NUMBER OF CALENDAR DAYS WORKED BY DEPARTMENTS OR MINES SINCE THE LAST LOST-TIME INJURY

FIGURES TO NOVEMBER 30, 1943

	Underground Employees Calendar Days
Rock Springs No. 4.....	34
Rock Springs No. 8.....	13
Rock Springs No. 11.....	8
Reliance No. 1	62
Reliance No. 7	63
Stansbury	102
Winton No. 1	323
Winton No. 3 Seam	369
Winton No. 7½ Seam	153
Superior "D" Mine	404
Superior D. O. Clark	25
Hanna No. 4-A	20
	Outside Employees Calendar Days
Rock Springs No. 4 Tipple	4,781
Rock Springs No. 8 Tipple	7
Rock Springs No. 11 Tipple	668
Reliance Tipple	922
Winton Tipple	4,981
Superior "D" Mine Tipple	2,435
Superior D. O. Clark Tipple	142
Hanna No. 4-A Tipple	2,209
	General Outside Employees Calendar Days
Rock Springs	4,093
Reliance	444
Winton	4,578
Superior	67
Hanna	2,953

November Injuries

ALEX HENETZ, SR., Russian, age 61, widower, timberman, Section No. 1, Rock Springs No. 4 Mine. Hernia, left side.

Alex and his partner were doing some timbering in a breaking entry where a room crossed the entry. The two men were carrying timber from the main entry up to the breaking entry and while doing so, Alex received a hernia.

EDWARD L. SMITH, American, age 35, married, machine man, Section No. 1, Rock Springs No. 8 Mine. Fractured right leg.

Edward was working in a room being driven up-hill. The face was nearly cleaned. The pan line was running, and Edward was picking down loose coal at the face when a large slab broke from the face, striking him and knocking him into the pan line.

JOHN RADONIC, Yugoslav, age 57, single, bone picker, Outside Section, Rock Springs Outside. Fractured knee cap.

John was picking rock in a railroad car. After the car was loaded, he walked around the edge trimming and picking rock off the top of the car. He slipped and fell to the ground.

PETE M. FERRERO, American, age 30, married, Unit Foreman, Section No. 2, Rock Springs No. 11 Mine. Basilar fracture through anterior, middle, posterior fossa; comminuted fracture of left tibia and fibula; fracture of fifth rib on right side; and contusions of pelvis.

The room in which Pete was working had holed through to the entry above, and the right hand side of the place had been cleaned. The Duckbill had been moved to the left side of the place. Pete was standing on the left side of it when a large piece of rock broke and knocked out a safety prop. The rock struck Pete knocking him down.

EDWARD H. JOHNSON, American, age 18, single, inside laborer, Section No. 1, Rock Springs No. 11 Mine. Hernia, right side.

Johnson was helping the motor man unload some rock dust from a mine car on an entry parting. Johnson was in the car lifting the sacks of rock dust to the top of the car, and the motor man was taking them from there and carrying them to the high side of the parting. Johnson slipped while he was lifting one of these sacks of rock dust.

JOE D. ORNELAS, American, age 52, married, Duckbill operator, Section No. 2, Superior D. O. Clark Mine, No. 9 Seam. Bruised right foot.

Ornelas was running the ratchet in an up-hill room. The ratchet pan was extended full length and hit the solid face. The pan line buckled at the ratchet and slid to the left side, striking Ornelas's right foot.

ELDON G. ANDERSON, *American, age 26, married, machine man, Section No. 1, Superior D. O. Clark Mine, No. 15 Seam.* Smashed right thumb.

Anderson was working in a room which was timbered with crossbars. The crossbar at the face had a leg under each end and a timber jack under it about seven feet from the right side. Anderson had sumped his machine in the right corner and started to cut across the face. The machine kicked and the thumb on his right hand was caught between the machine and the timber jack.

JOSEPH CURRY, *American, age 34, married, track-layer, Section No. 2, Superior D. O. Clark Mine, No. 15 Seam.* Sprained lumbar muscle.

Curry and his partner were getting a rail out from a pile of rails. After prying the rails apart, they were unable to free one end of the rail from the pile. One end of the rail was lifted up and a jack pipe placed under it. They then worked the rail up and down to loosen it. While they were doing this, Curry stopped and said he had injured his back.

BRIAN B. HOPLEY, *English, age 46, widower, driller, Section No. 1, Hanna No. 4-A Mine.* Fracture of left ankle.

The crew was near the finish of a block of top coal in a room. The drillers had fired two rounds of shots and went back up on the pile. They were sounding the top where they had shot and were trimming it on the low side, when they came across a piece of loose top which they were unable to get down with a pick. Hopley went to the high side to get a bar. As he was picking up the bar, a piece of top coal fell, striking him on the left ankle.

Sigma Tau Epsilon Holds December Meeting

THE SIGMA TAU EPSILON Society held its regular quarterly meeting at the Rock Springs Community Hall Sunday, December 19, 1943, with thirty-three members present. Six staff members of The Union Pacific Coal Company, having completed three consecutive years without any of the workmen under their supervision having received a lost-time injury, were elected to membership in the Society. The new members are:

Alfred Russell, Rock Springs	Alex Easton, Reliance
John A. Cukale, Rock Springs	Albert Gaylord, Reliance
Jack Rafferty, Reliance	Thos. Edwards, Jr., Winton

These new members are to be complimented for their accomplishment, and it is hoped that the experience which they bring will help in the reduction of accidents in the mines of The Union Pacific Coal Company.

All reportable accidents which have occurred in or around the mines of The Union Pacific Coal

Company since the last meeting of the Society were studied by the various committees.

A dinner was served at noon for the members at Howard's Cafe, Rock Springs, at which Sam Evans, President, acted as toastmaster. Mr. I. N. Bayless presented the S. T. E. keys to the new members. He expressed Mr. Pryde's regret at not being able to be present for the meeting, Mr. Pryde being confined to the hospital with a severe cold. Mr. Bayless discussed many of the problems confronting us at the present time. He stressed the need for attention to details. Other speakers at the meeting were Mr. V. O. Murray, Mr. H. C. Livingston, Mr. O. G. Sharrer, and Mr. R. R. Knill.

Keep Your Name Off This List

THE FOLLOWING men, on account of their having sustained a lost-time injury during the period from July 1 to November 30, 1943, will not be eligible to participate in the drawing for the grand prize, which will be awarded at the close of the six months' period ending December 31, 1943:

Pete M. Ferrero, Rock Springs
 Peter Flaim, Rock Springs
 Ben Hagenour, Rock Springs
 Alex Henetz, Sr., Rock Springs
 Edward H. Johnson, Rock Springs
 John A. Katona, Jr., Rock Springs
 James Knoy, Rock Springs
 Mike Marovich, Rock Springs
 John Radonic, Rock Springs
 Thomas L. Roberts, Rock Springs
 Frank Shiamanna, Rock Springs
 Edward L. Smith, Rock Springs
 Mike F. Timko, Rock Springs
 John Cordiakes, Reliance
 Carl E. Ford, Reliance
 Mike Migiakis, Reliance
 Joe Mitchelson, Reliance
 Norbert Bourlard, Stansbury
 Sam Cacic, Stansbury
 John Rebol, Winton
 Eldon G. Anderson, Superior
 Abele Bettolo, Superior
 Marshall W. Chestine, Superior
 Riccardo L. Colleoni, Superior
 Joseph Curry, Superior
 Paul F. Glasco, Superior
 James E. Hale, Superior
 Joseph W. Merchant, Superior
 Leno B. Montover, Superior
 Roy Morgan, Superior
 Joe D. Ornelas, Superior
 Robert S. Skidgel, Superior
 Tony E. Valdez, Superior
 Brian B. Hopley, Hanna
 Nick Shyne, Hanna
 Homer J. Woody, Hanna

November Safety Awards

FOUR SUITS and six cash awards were made for the month of November at the regular monthly safety meetings held during the first week of December. A sound picture, "Wings Up", was shown at each of these meetings. This picture, showing some of the training our air cadets receive, had a lesson in it for all of us.

Mr. Murray spoke at the Superior and Rock Springs meetings and Mr. Livingston at the Winton

meeting. Both speakers emphasized the need of doing our work in a safer manner. Mr. Murray also called to the attention of the men the effect that an injury has on their families around Christmas time. Mention was made of the semi-annual safety meeting. Watch your bulletin board for an announcement of the date.

Following is a list of the winners:

Mine	First Prize \$15 Each	Second Prize \$10 Each	Third Prize \$5 Each	Unit Foreman \$10. Each
Reliance Nos. 1 and 11 Reliance No. 7 Winton No. 1 Winton Nos. 3 and 7½ Superior D. O. Clark Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams Superior "D"	John C. Lewis Harry Sawick Dallas Gilbreath Wilfred Williams Ralph T. Hiner Joe T. Baca	Mike Popovich John Gatti W. H. Groutage Jas. L. Watters Max R. Willis Gusto Lenzi	John Orrell John Stevens D. M. Foster Perry Gregg Frank Holz kneht Bodie Stockich	James Shanley James Zelenka John Valco Enoch Tynsky Isaac Berry Frank Prevedel
TOTAL	\$90	\$60	\$30	\$60

Suits of clothes awarded: Wallace Dupape, Reliance No. 7 Mine; Wm. Seneshale, Winton No. 1 Mine; R. Guillen, Winton Nos. 3 and 7½ Mines; and Louis Bertagnolli, Superior "D" Mine.
Rock Springs No. 4 and Stansbury; Rock Springs

No. 8; Rock Springs No. 11; Reliance Nos. 1 and 11; Superior D. O. Clark, Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams, Nos. 9 and 15 Seams; and Hanna No. 4-A were ineligible to participate.

Safety Awards For 1944

THE RULES governing the safety contest and prize awards for the year 1944 will be about the same as for 1943. The rules of the contest and the prize awards are given below.

As soon as the returns are available for the first six months, from January 1st to June 30th, the General Safety Meeting will be called at all districts and the following prizes will be awarded: (1) The Grand Prize, a \$1,000 face value War Bond, (2) one \$75 War Bond, (3) one \$50 War Bond, (4) one \$25 War Bond, and (5) one \$25 War Bond; in addition there will be a suit of clothes awarded as the last prize. The suit of clothes award will be classed as a "free-for-all" prize and will be drawn as the last prize. All men, at all districts, who have not received a lost-time injury during the period or who have not received one of the above prizes, will be eligible to participate in the drawing for this suit of clothes.

LIST OF PRIZES

A. All day workers, surface and underground, whose names appear on the pay rolls for the second pay period in April and the second pay period in June and who have been in continuous service during that period will be eligible to participate in the contest for the first half year for the \$1,000 Bond

and other prizes, and those whose names appear on the payrolls for the second pay period in October and second pay period in December who have been in continuous service during that period will be eligible to participate in the contest for the second half of the year for the second \$1,000 Bond and the additional prizes as listed above. Employees who suffer a lost-time accident during the first six-months' period will not be eligible to participate in the current half-year contest, although they will not be barred from the contest for the last half of the year unless they suffer another lost-time accident during the second six-months' period. Unit Foremen will not participate in the awards covered by this paragraph.

B. Monthly cash prizes, one of \$15, one of \$10, and one of \$5 together with a special prize of \$10 for Unit Foremen, will be awarded monthly to each of the following mines in which no lost-time injury occurred during the month: Rock Springs No. 4 and Stansbury, Rock Springs No. 8, Rock Springs No. 11, Reliance No. 1 and 11, Reliance No. 7, Winton No. 1, Winton No. 7½, Superior "D", Superior D. O. Clark Nos. 7 and 7½ Seams, Superior D. O. Clark Nos. 9 and 15 Seams, and Hanna No. 4-A. Also two cash prizes of \$5 each will be awarded monthly to the General Outside section at each district if no lost-time surface injury occurs. A separate

drawing will be employed in disposing of the Unit Foreman prize.

The amount of above cash prizes will be doubled when all mines go through the month without a lost-time injury.

C. A special prize of a made-to-order suit of clothes will be awarded to the day workers, underground, employed in each mine which has worked any two successive months without a lost-time injury to an employe. A similar award will be made to the men working in such mine for each succeeding month passed without a lost-time injury. If the men in a mine after winning this special prize suffer an accident, a new two months' free-from-accident record must be established in order to again become eligible for this prize.

D. Monthly novelty prizes, varying in quantity comparable to the number of men employed, consisting of safety wearing apparel, sporting goods and other attractive merchandise, will be awarded to all surface and underground employes working in and about the mines during the month, a separate supply of prizes arranged for each group of mines. War Savings Stamps may be substituted for the above. Employes who have suffered a lost-time injury may participate in these awards.

RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST

1. A careful record of all lost-time injuries will be maintained for each mine. A lost-time injury is hereby defined as any injury received while in the service of the Company which prevents the injured employe from reporting for duty on the first working day following such injury.

2. To secure any of the prize awards, *the employe must be present at the safety meeting when the awards are made, unless prevented from attendance through being on duty, through actual illness or through leave of absence*, in which case the prizes will be held for the winner. For the semi-annual safety meetings special arrangements will be made for attendance at auxiliary meetings which will be held in districts other than Rock Springs.

3. Employes on monthly salary will not be eligible to participate in any of the awards.

4. The conduct of all drawings will be under the direction of the auditing department of the Company. Tickets bearing the names of all surface and underground employes of the mine where the awards are made, will be placed in a suitable bowl and the first name drawn will receive the prize. If, however, the man whose name is first drawn is not eligible (see Rule 2) a second name will be drawn and so on until the name of the man who is present is drawn, who will receive the prize, this arrangement continuing until all awards have been made.

When I was a boy of 14, my father was so ignorant I could hardly stand to have the old man around. But when I got to be 21, I was astonished at how much the old man had learned in seven years.

—Mark Twain

Army Railroaders "Keep 'Em Rolling" In Iran

By COL. JOHN A. APPLETON

PICTURE, if you can, an American railroad sergeant-conductor trying to make himself understood by a bearded Persian engineer. Neither can speak the other's language, and they do most of the talking with their hands. It's a bizarre sight, to say the least, but not an unusual one along the Trans-Iranian Railway.

That's just one of the many difficulties which soldiers of the Operating and Shop Battalions of Military Railway Service, Transportation Corps, Army Service Forces, must overcome daily in hauling weapons of war to our Russian allies. But members of the railway battalions are veteran railroaders and they quickly adapt themselves to unfamiliar methods and working conditions.

From the Persian Gulf to the Iranian capital of Teheran, a distance of approximately 600 miles, mixed crews of American railway troops and Persians operate American-built trains. Train orders are written in both English and Persian, and at each signal block station, there is one American and one Persian operator. From Teheran to the Russian border, the trains are operated by Persians under the jurisdiction of the Russians.

On one trip I made over the railroad last January we had in our crew a Persian engineer, an American fireman, an American conductor, a Persian brakeman and an American flagman. Persian operating employes whom I saw were capable railroad men. They admire our equipment immensely, especially its simplicity of design, and they quickly learn to use it.

My trip was made from north to south, and we left Teheran at eight o'clock one morning in a driving snowstorm. A private car had been put at our disposal, but it wasn't like any private car I'd ever seen before. This was a four-wheel boxcar which had long ago seen its best days in India. Two holes had been cut, for windows, in the back of it. There was no glass in those windows, and there was no heat in that car. With blankets, rations, and a kerosene stove which we had brought along ourselves, we tried to keep comfortable.

One of our 2-8-2's pulled us along. As you know, the 2-8-2, once known as "The Mikado," is now called "The MacArthur."

With half of our crew composed of American soldiers of an Operating Battalion of the Military Railway Service, Transportation Corps, Army Service Forces, and the rest Persians, it is easy to see that language and custom difficulties were soon overcome.

However, the differences of language and custom were not the only obstacles which American railroad men in the United States Army had to contend with. Iranian methods of communication were not adequate for a railroad as busy as the one operated

by the Transportation Corps, and this was another handicap the railroad troops had to surmount before efficient operation could be assured. But the Signal Corps was equal to the occasion and an improvised communications system was set up, with the Operating Battalions keeping it in repair.

Extreme temperatures add to the difficulties also. On the run from the Persian Gulf to Teheran, our railroad troops operate in bitter sub-zero temperatures in the mountains, then range through the torrid temperatures of the Persian desert, where the thermometer often registers 130 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.

I have seen American 1000-h.p. Diesel-electrics and 2-8-2 freight locomotives pushing north across the desert above the Persian Gulf. I have seen them traveling the 6,000-ft. hills of Luristan and the Elburz Mountains, higher still. Specially designed cars are now riding the rails through bitter mountain cold and scorching desert temperatures which hit 130 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. They're taking every kind of punishment imaginable—and they're holding up splendidly.

The Trans-Iranian Railway—one of the most beautiful railroad construction jobs I have ever seen—rises from the coastal plain to 6,600 feet above sea level in the Luristan Mountains and to 6,900 feet in the still higher Elburz Mountains. Despite this rise, the road was built through the mountains with a grade of only 1.5 percent. It is a standard gauge railway, just as are American lines, and has many sidings along its single-track right-of-way. There are, altogether, 200 tunnels with a combined length of 34 miles. I counted 147 of these in a 162 mile stretch. Also, there are many bridges, one of which spans the Karun river at Ahwaz and is 3,400 feet in length.

* The Trans-Iranian Railway was built by the then ruling Shah. Construction began in 1928 and was completed in 1939, only two years before the British occupied Iran. It extends from Bandar-Shah on the Caspian Sea to Bandar-Shapur on the Persian Gulf. Since the Transportation Corps has taken over operation of the carrier, more than 150 American 1,000-horsepower Diesel and 2-8-2 steam oil burning locomotives have been put into service and upwards of 3,000 flat cars, tank cars, boxcars, gondolas and cabooses, all manufactured by American workers, are rolling through Persia. These cars were specially designed so that they could be used in any theater of operation—that is, they could be hitched to any equipment we found on the spot. Each car also is equipped with airbrakes.

When I left Persia in January, American and Iranian crews were setting up one locomotive and 30 cars daily in the machine shops and assembly sheds.

In addition, we have shipped replacement parts to Iran for rolling stock, and members of the shop battalions are maintaining the locomotives and cars in good repair.

Passenger service is infrequent over the single

track line. Sometimes trains not only arrive at a station but leave ahead of time. The train is loaded up and departs as soon as possible. Passengers make sure they'll catch the train by coming to the station early—sometimes the day before the expected departure—and they camp there until the train arrives. You can imagine the confusion this would create in this country. In Teheran, the passenger station is ultra modern and it has a huge room reserved for the Shah's use exclusively.

Since the first train that was American equipped from the locomotive to the caboose steamed into Teheran on March 30 with supplies bound for Soviet Russia, American soldier-railroad men have been moving trainload after trainload of lend-lease equipment every day. Our goal is to move six thousand tons a day over this route, as part of the tonnage that is getting to the Russians by way of the Persian gulf. In January, during my brief stay in Iran, the tonnage of our shipments north over the Trans-Iranian Railway was more than doubled.

I have seen American railroad men in the uniform of the United States Army in many parts of the world. They are doing a tremendous job. *You on the railroads in this country are doing just as important a job, and doing it well.*

American rail traffic has reached an almost incredible volume. Every day American railroad workers are moving thousands of troops and their equipment in addition to an ever-increasing load of raw materials, lend-lease supplies and civilian passengers.

You are keeping the life blood of American fighting men flowing through the arteries of our rail system and far into the railroads in foreign lands. You are getting the troops and goods through on time. The Transportation Corps salutes you.

—*Locomotive Engineers Journal*

Have You Got A Dog?

FOR SOME unknown reason, we have met with very little success in our attempts to get pictures of people. Have you got a dog? A big Russian Wolf Hound or a minute Pekinese? Send us a picture of man's greatest friend. Let's let the MAGAZINE go to the dogs for a month!

The RAF has developed a bomb which ignites asphalt. However, when it comes to burning up the streets there's nothing like an American 16-year-old with pop's car.

A couple of leatherneck aviators had been shot down and were floating around the Pacific in their rubber boat when a Jap submarine surfaced and its crew called on the Americans to surrender.

The marine fliers held a whispered conference.

"That's the stuff," said one to the other. "Let 'em think we're giving up. Then, when they get close—we'll ram 'em."

Verses Inspired By Great War I That Should Not Be Forgotten

EUGENE MCAULIFFE

In July, 1925, the writer gathered together, with attendant comments, some fragments of the verse inspired by Great War I. There was something about our first great foreign war which inspired some of the most exquisite poetry ever written. Somehow Great War II has so far produced very little verse comparable with that inspired by the struggle which extended from 1914 to 1918. Perhaps the present war is too mechanistic, its implications not generally understood.

However, the youth of America and England, with their chaplains, have shown a degree of courage never before excelled, and let us hope that another Kipling, a Rupert Brooke, an Allan Seeger, and a John McCrae will appear to render that same immortality to the men of Great War II that Alfred Lord Tennyson gave to the Light Brigade who fought at Balaklava in 1854. The world will remember "Tippesary" when "Pistol Packin' Mama" has been long forgotten.

ON MAY 30, 1925, the writer stood in a window fronting Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, watching the Decoration Day parade pass by. Some ninety odd veterans of the Civil War, then gone sixty years, marched on foot to the roll of the drum and under the shimmering flags, others too infirm to march riding behind. Then came the veterans of the Spanish American War, they too graying fast, that short struggle then twenty-seven years behind us. Following came the men of the Great War, and our thoughts went back to July, 1914, when—

"Suddenly above the cries in the street, above the domestic brawls, sounded the clear challenge of Germany overseas. With no uncertain sound the hammer of Thor beat upon the gates of empire."

and "lest we forget" it is well to keep deep in our hearts and souls the inspiration that has sent men and women out to suffer and die, conduct which will be repeated while the race lives. The verse that is horn of the high courage, the pity and the pathos of war, will help us to do this.

The British Army contains many crack regiments, foot and horse. They have all swung through Piccadilly, Leicester Square and Hyde Park in their several days. Their dress uniforms in years past were among the richest and gayest ever worn, each button, strap, sash and chevron bearing witness to and memorializing some special service performed under difficult conditions in some remote portion of the world. For nearly three hundred years the people of England had escaped war on their own soil, but her soldiers have fought in every land and clime. There is no soil that does not cover the grave of the British soldier; the valley of the Danube, the plains of Belgium, in the Crimea, where Russia creeps down to the Black Sea; in the mountain passes of Spain and among the vineyards of sunny France. Crecy and Agincourt are words to conjure with in England today, though they were fought in 1346 and 1415. The British soldier has fought and died in India and China, on the plains of Quebec, along our beautiful Hudson, in Australia and New Zealand, in the heart of the African jungle; wher-

ever the sun has shone there sleeps the British "Redcoat," English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh — Saxon and Celt.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the English novelist and the creator of Sherlock Holmes, after reading how the "Twenty-first" were relieved by the Coldstream Guards, originally recruited in the days of Charles II along the frontier of Scotland, and the Grenadier Guards, only a few years younger, wrote *The Guards Came Through*, a war poem which, when cabled to our New York press, electrified the whole American people:

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

Men of the Twenty-first
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Never a message of hope!
Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear,
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of its burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns and the Boche,
When our Corporal shouted, "Stand to!"
And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front
for the Guards!"
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,

Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please,
Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—we were down on our knees,
Praying for us and for them!
Lord, I could speak for a week,
But how could you understand!
How should your cheeks be wet,
Such feelin's don't come to you.
But when can me or my mates forget,
When the Guards came through?

"Five yards left extend!"
It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank,
A trifle of swank and dash,
Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Flinching never a shade,
With the shrapnel right in their face
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

After Great Britain, unprepared and with but a fragment of an army, threw down the gage of battle, one of our great dailies published a cartoon which, widely copied, is well expressed in *Called Back*, an anonymous poem then published in the "London Chronicle." This cartoon showed the British Lion standing aged but defiant on the Chalk Cliffs of Albion crying across the seas to his cubs:

"So when it struck, the fateful hour, and Britain called her sons,
To stand to arms and hold the gate against the crashing guns,
They heard the call across the world; by rail and ship they came,
To fight and die for their fathers' flag, and the pride of the English name.

From bungalow and cutchery, from port and dock they sped,
From cattle-ranch and station, from mine and engine-shed;
From all the Continents they flocked, a mixed and various crew,
Sized up together on parade, and shared the ration stew;
And Tompkins Sahib of Bangalore met Senor Jones of Rio,
And both were taught their drill by Sergeant Johnson from Ohio."

A story is told of three young Canadian ranchers, one a millionaire, the other two quite poor, who were "called back" by the Old Lion. Post-haste they rushed to Montreal, there taking the first steamer for Liverpool, from whence they journeyed to London, reporting to the majordomo of a fashionable hotel where a suite of rooms had been reserved in advance by cable. Their wide hats, sun-browned faces and easy ways upset the "booking clerk" who, afraid to flout them too abruptly, kept putting off their assignment. Driven to bay at last this doughty individual remarked, "Isn't it rawther extraordinary

for three strange persons, Ah! to awsk for so expensive a suite, Ah?" The reply, delivered by the least pretentious looking one of the three, was unanswerable; "Hell, this is an extraordinary war, isn't it?" and they were shown up.

The legion of American women who learned to knit during the war (an art later thrown into the discard) and who then made thousands and thousands of sweaters, wristlets and socks, will be remembered when Elmina Atkinson's *Gray Gauntlet* is recalled.

GRAY GAUNTLET

Gray Gauntlet, you of the wristlets wrought
Of home-spun soft and gray,
Do you hear the flashing needles click
Three thousand miles away?
Oh, it's purl and plain,
And a toss of the arm,
For freeing the endless thread:
And mystic whisp'rings with each stitch
Too sacred to e'er be said.

Gray Gauntlet, you of the sword must go,
We of the spindle stay:
And our needles speed that our lads may march
Mail-coated in woolen gray.
Oh, it's slip and bind,
And seam and count,
And turn the heels with care:
No craven fears in the meshes hide
But only a murmured prayer.

In the early gray, drear days of the war period, the time when sober, staid men were making up their minds, the school boys, the dancing, card-playing ne'er-do-wells of England, looking upon the call as "a gay adventure" went out to die like "flies under a killing frost." That was when line officers were in demand, a Lieutenant lasting less than ten days. Out of her schools and colleges the best blood of England streamed to mingle with what was then looked upon as her worst. Under the gruelling task of war the men from Oxford and Cambridge came to know the little "East Sider," finding quickly that even though he could not live like a gentleman he could die like one. *The Spires of Oxford*, by Winifred M. Letts, well expresses the spirit that animated the "First One Hundred Thousand."

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(Seen from the Train)

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.
They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—

They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

When Rupert Brooke died in the Aegean, April 23, 1915, England in this youth of twenty-eight lost a singer whose song rivalled the song of the English Skylark, so clear and lilting sweet it was. Born at Rugby, England, August 3, 1887, Fellow of Kings College, Cambridge, Brooke entered his country's naval service in September, 1914. His war service was that of the watching class, such as our Navy endured in the chill northern seas off the German coast. Rupert Brooke physically and temperamentally was described as of the Gods, "fair to see and winning in his ways." His friends spoke of him as "vivid," his poems referred to as "a catalogue of vital sensations and dear names." Mr. Wilfrid Gibson in a short poem, "The Going," said of Rupert Brooke:

"He's gone
I do not understand.
I only know
That, as he turned to go
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone,
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow—
And he was gone."

From his series of sequence-sonnets, captioned "1914," the world will read and reread two—*The Dead* and *The Soldier*. Less noble poetry has lived for ages in the hearts of men.

THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that un hoped serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement, and heard music; known
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, hlested by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Germany made many fatal psychological mistakes, of which the death of the English nurse, Edith Cavell, was not the least. Charged with assisting Belgian soldiers to escape, she was sentenced to death by rifle fire, this after the whole civilized world, men, women and clergy of all races, creeds and tongues, had begged for her life. A casual singer, Laurence Binyon, tells the story well.

EDITH CAVELL

She was binding the wounds of her enemies when they
came—
The lint in her hand unrolled.
They battered the door with their rifle-butts, crashed it in:
She faced them gentle and bold.

They haled her before the judges where they sat
In their places, helmet on head.
With question and menace the judges assailed her, "Yes,
I have broken your law," she said.

"I have tended the hurt and hidden the hunted, have done
As a sister does to a brother,
Because of a law that is greater than that you have made,
Because I could do none other.

"Deal as you will with me. This is my choice to the end,
To live in the life I vowed."
"She is self-confessed," they cried; "she is self-condemned.
She shall die, that the rest may be cowed."

In the terrible hour of the dawn, when the veins are cold,
They led her forth to the wall,
"I have loved my land," she said, "but it is not enough;
Love requires of me all.

"I will empty my heart of the bitterness, hating none."
And sweetness filled her brave
With a vision of understanding beyond the hour
That knelled to the waiting grave.

The hurts she healed, the thousands comforted—these
Make a fragrance of her fame.
But because she slept to her star right on through death
It is Victory speaks her name.

Edith Cavell's memory stands as a benison for all time, proclaiming the valorous spirit that actuated that glorious legion of women who went with the Army to bind-up and comfort the youth of England, France, Belgium, America and the other allied hosts.

Another non-combatant section of the Allied Arms was that composing the "Chaplains of the Army." Wearing the insignia of the Great Commander,

Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, they held a glorious post in the welter of carnage that made of France and Belgium a veritable shambles. Winifred M. Letts sings well the praise that is due "The Padre," as he was called, regardless of his particular religion, in her *Chaplain to the Forces*.

CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES

Ambassador of Christ you go
Up to the very gates of Hell,
Through fog of powder, storm of shell,
To speak your Master's message: "Lo,
The Prince of Peace is with you still,
His peace be with you, his goodwill."

It is not small, your priesthood's price,
To be a man and yet stand by,
To hold your life whilst others die,
To bless, not share the sacrifice,
To watch the strife and take no part—
You with the fire at your heart.

But yours, for our great Captain Christ
To know the sweat of agony,
The darkness of Gethsemane,
In anguish for these souls unpriced.
Viceregent of God's pity you,
A sword must pierce your own soul through.

In the pale gleam of new-born day
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,
Your altar but a packing case,
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,
Your sanctuary the rain-drenched sod,
You bring the kneeling soldier God.

As sentinel you guard the gate
"Twixt life and death, and unto death
Speed the brave soul whose failing breath
Shudders not at the grip of Fate,
But answers, gallant to the end,
"Christ is the Word—and I His friend."

Then God go with you, priest of God,
For all is well and shall be well,
What though you tread the roads of Hell,
Your Captain these same ways has trod.
Above the anguish and the loss
Still floats the ensign of His Cross.

Hallowe'en, October 31st, is celebrated in the Old French Quarter of New Orleans by fantastically caparisoned masqueraders, who drift about the streets singing and throwing confetti. Coming from the Old French Theatre after eleven o'clock Hallowe'en Night, 1916, five months before our entrance into the Great War, the writer, together with a friend, paused on a street corner to watch the fun-loving procession go by. Suddenly there arose above the tumult of sound a clear voice singing *The Marseillaise*, the song of the French Revolution and the anthem of the French people. The night was clear, starry and still, and as this one man's voice rose and fell with the words—

"Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé,
L'étendard sanglant est levé!
Entendez-vous dans nos campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras

Egorger vos fils, vos campagnes.
Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons!
Marchons, marchons!
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!"

the erstwhile merry throng stood uncovered and hushed by the immortal words which Joseph Roguet de Lisle, a young officer of the French Engineer Corps, wrote with the view of supplanting the vulgar songs sung by the Revolutionists in 1792. When the last word died away the crowd rushed to the side of the singer, who proved to be a young Irishman, a Soldier of Fortune, then wearing the uniform of a Captain in the British Quartermaster Service. Nearly nine years have passed since that night, but the inspiring strains of the "Chant de Guerre" of France yet lives, fresh and clear in my memory. I have forgotten the Captain's name, but the picture of this gay dashing D'Artagnan, with the glorious red hair and smiling face, lives fresh and clear in my memory. The Captain bore the reputation of having served in many South and Central American armies, adventure his dominant passion. I hope that fate dealt kindly with him and that he is singing somewhere now.

Fifty, at least twenty-five years must pass before the true history of the Great War will be written, and so it is with verse; we are yet too close to the tragedy to express in words the agony, the suffering and the courage of the war period. America, the United States and Canada, gave three outstanding singing souls to the cause, Allan Seeger, Joyce Kilmer and John McCrae, all of whom fought and died for the Allied Cause. Allan Seeger was born in New York City June 22, 1888, his parents coming from old New England families. The war was but three weeks on when Seeger, on July 25, 1914, bade his father goodbye, their last three days together passed at Canterbury, England. Together they "heard service in the Cathedral and had long talks on the close," then the youth crossed to Paris, where with forty or fifty fellow Americans he enlisted in the Foreign Legion of France, an organization made up of courageous but turbulent souls. There followed a period of training and then to the front, where the "Regiment Etranger," whatever its personnel, fought long and well. On July 1, 1916, the great French advance began, and at 6:00 P. M., July 4th, the Legion was ordered to clear the enemy out of the Village of Belloy-en-Santerre. Seeger was out with the first, his squad enfiladed by the fire of six German machine guns that lay concealed. The majority of his squad went down, Seeger among them, wounded many times. As the remaining Legionnaires passed, Seeger cheered them on. They took the village, but no salvaging of the battlefield was done that night. Next morning Seeger was found dead on blood-stained but reconquered soil. Seeger died as did Shelley, Keats and Byron, young, on the threshold of greatness, but his—

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

His *I Have a Rendezvous with Death* has a majesty all its own, imperishable.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Joyce Kilmer was another young American whose fame as a maker of verse and short stories had been well spread when he entered the service. Kilmer was born at New Brunswick, New Jersey, December 6, 1886, graduating from Rutgers College in 1904, receiving his A. B. from Columbia University in 1906. Kilmer's ancestry goes back to Thomas Kilburne, of Newmarket, Cambridgeshire, England, a warden of the Anglican Church, who came to Connecticut in 1638. Gradually the name was clipped to Kilmer. He first joined the Reserve Officers Training Corps, resigning to enlist as a private in the Seventh Regiment, New York National Guard. The Seventh was mustered into regular service July 15, 1917, and speaking of his regiment Kilmer jocosely said, "We are the oldest outfit in the Guard—Lafayette reviewed us in 1824, and Joffre two weeks ago." It is difficult to read the sketchy career of Kilmer without sensing the fact that from one side or the other he had inherited more than a fair share of Celtic temperament. He bore a deep-seated affection for all that was Irish; her poetry, her stories, her traditions and her people. He had a passionate love for Irish fairy stories, and Irish soldiers he liked best of all, and so he asked for and received a transfer to the 165th Infantry, U. S. A., formerly the famous old Fighting Sixty-ninth, New York, a unit of the Rainbow Division. Like many other Americans Kilmer, preceding our entrance into the World War, was quite pro-German, but it has been said that

"his keen feeling for the sturdy virtues and robust customs of Old England, Merrie England, was of course patent. His delight in London, and the English countryside, which he knew from a child, was manifest and his

profound sense of integrity was violently jolted by the violation of Belgium."

Soldier blood, too, flowed in his veins, and eventually his blood rose white-hot and the call to duty at last sounded clear. Of him it was said,

"he was, to say, a Colonial Dame on both sides, as members of both his father's and his mother's family fought in the American Revolution and members of his father's family in the French and Indian Wars."

Some time before entering the service he, with his wife, left the Anglican Church to become Roman Catholics, and the fervor displayed for this old (to him new) religion, savors of the intensity displayed by him during every waking hour. One has but to read the letters written from France to his wife and friends, including certain Jesuit priests with whom he was on most intimate terms, to sense the great, sympathetic, boyishly impetuous nature of the man. His Chaplain, Father Duffy, said of him:

"He was absolutely the coolest and most indifferent man in the face of danger I have ever seen. It was not for lack of love of life, for he enjoyed his life as a soldier—his only cross was his distance from home. It was partly from his inborn courage and devotion—he would not stint his sacrifice—partly his deep and real belief that what God wills is best."

Kilmer wrote many sweet verses, we will quote one, his *Rouge Bouquet*, written behind the lines in France.

ROUGE BOUQUET

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten metres thick.

There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
Clay to clay.

He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
And fled away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear
Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
the bugle sing:

"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell,
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand

Smiling with their holy eyes
 On this new-come hand.
 St. Michael's sword darts through the air
 And touches the aureole on his hair
 As he sees them stand saluting there,
 His stalwart sons;
 And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
 Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
 The Gael's blood runs.
 And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
 From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
 A delicate cloud of bugle notes
 That softly say:
 "Farewell!
 Farewell!
 Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
 Your souls shall be where the heroes are
 And your memory shine like the morning-star.
 Brave and dear,
 Shield us here.
 Farewell!"

At dawn on a misty Sunday morning, July 28, 1918, the "Fighting Irish," the Old Sixty-ninth of Civil War fame, now the 165th, went into action near Ourcq, France. Kilmer died July 30th, fighting; here is the final chapter:

"In the height of the great five-day battle for the mastery of the heights which followed Kilmer was killed. It so happened that he was close to the Major when the battalion adjutant fell and, in the emergency of the battle, without commission or appointment, he was serving as a sort of aid to the battalion commander. Discovering that the woods ahead harboured some machine guns, he had reported this fact, and was sent in the lead of a patrol to establish their exact location. When a couple of hours later the battalion advanced into the woods to clear the spot of the enemy, several of Kilmer's comrades caught sight of him lying, as if still scouting, with his eyes bent over a little ridge. So like his living self he was, they called to him, then ran up—to find him dead with a bullet through his brain. He lies buried, we read, beside Lieutenant Oliver Ames at the edge of a little copse that is known as the Wood of the Burned Bridge, so close to the purling Ourcq that, standing by the graveside, one could throw a pebble into its waters. Perhaps ten minutes walk to the north lies the half obliterated village Seringes, captured by American troops the night before Kilmer was killed. Eloquent of affection in the making of it, the grave is of course, marked by a wooden cross, on which is written, 'Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.' Then, after the inscription of his company and regiment, is the line: 'Killed in Action—July 30, 1918.'

"It is the rule not to bury enlisted men with officers, but Kilmer had won so much admiration and respect not only from the enlisted men in his company but also from the officers, that the commander of the regiment authorized that his grave be dug on the spot and that he be buried next to the grave of the heroic Lieutenant who had just lost his life."

And now we will speak of the third American, John McCrae, physician, soldier and poet, who died in France a Lieutenant Colonel with the Canadian forces, the men from our Sister State to the north that early in the struggle rushed a volunteer army to the aid of the mother country, England, taking within their ranks thousands of our youth whose impetuous courage could not brook the delay suffered by their own Government in entering the war. John McCrae wrote many beautiful poems, but *In Flanders Fields* and *The Anxious Dead* most

fully express the poignancy of sorrow, plus a sense of duty performed, that best characterizes the life and death of the dead soldier. *In Flanders Fields* which we reproduce as first written by Colonel McCrae on a fragment of paper, was first published in London "Punch," issue of December 8, 1915.

"John McCrae witnessed only once the raw earth of Flanders hide its shame in the warm scarlet glory of the poppy. Others have watched this resurrection of the flowers in four successive seasons, a fresh miracle every time it occurs.

"Also they observed the rows of crosses lengthen, the torch thrown, caught, and carried to victory. The dead may sleep, we have not broken faith with them."

so said Sir Andrew Macphail, an old and dear friend.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies grow
 Between the crosses, row on row
 That mark our place: and in the sky
 The larks still bravely singing, fly
 Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch: be yours to hold it high!
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
 Above their heads the legions pressing on:
 (These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
 And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
 The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
 Then let your mighty chorus witness be
 To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
 That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
 That we will onward till we win or fall,
 That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
 They shall feel earth enwrought in silence deep;
 Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
 And in content may turn them to their sleep.

John McCrae was born November 30, 1872, his parents, David and Janet Simpson McCrae. David McCrae had raised and trained a field battery in Guelph, Ontario, and brought it overseas. The father was then seventy, and from age alone was declared unfit to go with it to the front. John, the son, bore the reputation of "always going to the wars." At fourteen he joined the Guelph Highland Cadets and rose to the rank of First Lieutenant, later he transferred to the Artillery and rose from Gunner to Major. In 1900 he was in Africa serving in the Boer War. Through all his life and through all his letters, dogs and children followed him as "shadows follow men." He was likewise an indefatigable

church-goer, and yet medicine was the main concern of his life. For twenty years he studied and practiced medicine. McCrae was a great story teller, he had the rare gift of mimicry without mockery, caricature without malice. In the autumn of 1915 he was transferred from the Artillery to the Medical Branch, and he did not like the change. Doctor though he was, his heart was with the sounding guns. On January 23, 1918, he was aroused from his sleep to say he "had a slight headache." Going to his quarters his ailment was diagnosed as pneumonia with cerebral irritation. Gradually he sank, dying January 28th, and the next day his body was laid to rest in the cemetery in Wimereux, France. One who accompanied him to the grave wrote of him to a friend, "We left him on a sunny slope facing the sunset and the sea," and there we may also leave this physician, soldier, poet and Christian gentleman.

And now this scattered, fragmentary sketch of Great War Poems must close, with but scant justice done. Time will doubtless produce many more glorious songs of "deeds derring." The tragic experience of our own "Lost Battalion" offers a theme comparable to the "Charge of the Light Brigade," immortalized by Tennyson. But there is one marching song which must not be forgotten, if for no other reason than that it served as a stimulant and a tonic to the "First Hundred Thousand," hastily mobilized by "K. of K.," Kitchener of Khartum. These were the men whom the Kaiser, swimming breast high in arrogance, counting the conquest of France, Belgium and England as but the matter of a few days, referred to as the "Contemptible One Hundred Thousand," a mere handful that would scatter before his grey clad legions like chaff in the wind. The "Contemptibles" died almost to a man, but they did not cease to "hold the line" until England could hastily enlist and send forward men to take their place. Dragging their weary way through the sticky soil of Flanders, this thin brown line of schoolboys — music hall habitués — clerks — dilettantes, (I have been more tolerant of monocles, spats, and light canes ever since), many weak of body but strong of soul, kept heart by singing or listening to their comrades sing "Tipperary." The world knows its birthplace, the music halls of East Side London, but its light swinging stride helped these, the first to go, to "carry on" to what proved to be to the most of them an early end.

"IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY"

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,

As the streets are paved with gold, sure every one was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:—

CHORUS:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,

It's a long way to go;

It's a long way to Tipperary,

To the sweetest girl I know!

Goodbye Piccadilly, Farewell, Leicester Square,

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,

But my heart's right there!"

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'

Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me know!"

"If I make mistakes in 'spelling,' Molly dear," said he,
"Remember it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."

CHORUS:

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',

Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so

Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,

For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the same!"

CHORUS:



Jerome Oremland, son of Doctor and Mrs. N. H. Oremland, is the newly appointed Drum Major of THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY COMMUNITY BAND, under the direction of Mr. James Sartoris.



Patricia Eleanor Tomsik, nine years old, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Tomsik. Mrs. Tomsik is employed in the Accounting Department.

Bobby Martin is the eleven-year-old son of Mrs. S. J. Stultz, who is a clerk in the Accounting Department.

Our Men In The Armed Forces

A TOTAL of seven employes left during the month of November to serve their country. Their names are as follows:

RELIANCE

Myska, Alex

SUPERIOR

Carter, Donald F. Homan, George
Dalton, William V. Skidgel, Thomas, Jr.
Steinert, Vernon E.

HANNA

Parker, Herman Bentley

Effective November 30, 1943, the number of employes of The Union Pacific Coal Company who have entered the armed forces is as follows:

Rock Springs	105
Reliance	211
Stansbury	7
Winton	142
Superior	145
Hanna	96
Omaha	1

TOTAL 707

from the War Department. It was further reported that he is now a German prisoner of war, and it is presumed that his plane was forced down during the Rumanian oil field raid.

Lieutenant Fabiny worked at the Rock Springs Mines for three and one-half years following his graduation from the Rock Springs High School in 1938. He went overseas on May 31, 1943, his birthday. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. John Fabiny, Sr., and his wife was the former Erma Novak. America is America through the services of such men as Lt. Andrew T. Fabiny.



Lt. Andrew T. Fabiny

Lt. Andrew T. Fabiny is one of the six Wyoming men who was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for participation in the bombing of the Ploesti oil fields, in Rumania, on August 1, 1943, according to an announcement received late in November



Pvt. Frank Porenta

Pvt. Frank Porenta, former employe at Reliance, is now serving as a cook with our forces in Italy. His father, John Porenta, Sr., is making dummies for the Reliance Mines at the present time.



Tech. Sgt. Eugene J. Dellai

Tech. Sgt. Eugene J. Dellai, brother of Lena Dellai, of the Personnel Dept., is an Engineer on the Trans-Iranian Railroad in the Middle East.

Pfc. Raymond A. Taucher, former employe in the Engineering Department, was home early in December on a ten-day furlough from the Advance Turret School at Indianapolis, where he specialized in turret maintenance.

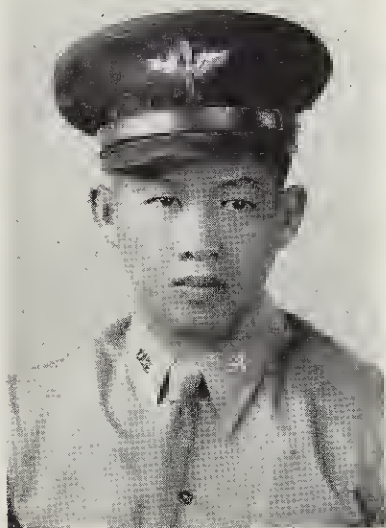


Pfc. Raymond A. Taucher

Ray entered the service January 30, 1943. In the months that followed he trained at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Cedar Falls, Iowa, Santa Ana, Calif., Lowry Field, Colo., and finally Indianapolis. We hope that the fruits of his extensive training will be used in Berlin, Rome and Tokyo.

In the near future, Ray will be assigned to a Bomber Group in Florida.

The August, 1943, issue of the Employees' Magazine reported Robert Yee Litt as having been selected by the Classification Board for pilot training in the U. S. Air Forces. Early in December Robert was graduated, receiving a Second Lieutenant's commission and his silver wings.



Robert Yee Litt

We like to think of this young American-born Chinese boy who, receiving his elementary schooling in our public schools, and thereafter employed at No. 8 Mine, Rock Springs, had the intelligence and courage to enter training in this most involved branch of his country's service. It is needless to say that Robert's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Yee Litt of Rock Springs, are supremely proud and happy for their son, Second Lieutenant Robert Yee Litt.



Left, Paul R. Reuter; right, Johnnie Reuter.

Paul R. Reuter, Seaman First Class, and Johnnie Reuter, Motor Machinist's Mate, sons of Mine Foreman Julius Reuter and Mrs. Reuter, of Reliance, are both serving overseas somewhere in the South Pacific.

Paul enlisted January 21, 1943, and took his basic training at Norfolk, Virginia. Prior to his enlistment, he was employed in No. 7 Mine as a rope-rider. John enlisted in September, 1943, and received his basic training at San Diego, California.

Mrs. Paul Reuter, formerly Frances Toly, is employed in the Reliance Mine Office.

Both navy men have been home recently on short leaves.



Left, John Poljanec; right, Valentine Poljanec

Second Class Seaman Valentine Poljanec and John Poljanec, Aviation Radio Technician 2/c, are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Poljanec, of Reliance. Mr. Leo Poljanec is now employed at the Reliance No. 7 Mine.

John, who is 19, worked for the Company prior to his enlisting in the Navy on November 3, 1942.

He received his basic training at Farragut, Idaho, and then was transferred to the Great Lakes Naval Station, at Chicago and subsequently to Corpus Christi, Texas, where he is still based. John has not been home since he enlisted.

Valentine, 18 years old, also worked for the Company at Reliance and has been in the Navy since July, 1943. He received his basic training at Farragut and later on was sent to Wright Jr. College, at Chicago.

Both navy men were born in a small village near Skofia Loka, Yugoslavia.



John A. Kolack

John A. Kolack, TM 2/c, grandson of Old Timer Gregor Kalan, returned home recently for the first time in 21 months to visit friends and relatives at Reliance. John attended the Reliance High School until February 16, 1941, at which time he enlisted in the navy. He now is serving overseas.

So You Complain . . .

(Author Unknown—One of the Boys in North Africa)

So you're sick of the way the country is run
and you're sick of the way rationing is done.
And you're sick of standing in line.
You're sick, you say—well, that's just fine.

Yes, I'm sick of the sun and the heat
and I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet.
And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies
and I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise.

And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek
and I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak.

And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive

and I'm sick of seeing the dead alive.
And I'm sick of the roar and noise and din
and I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin.
And I'm sick of slaughter—I'm sick to my soul.
I'm sick of playing a killer's role.
And I'm sick of blood and smell
and I'm even sick of myself as well.

But I'm sicker still of a tyrant's rule
and conquered lands where the wild beasts drool.

And I'm cured damn quick when I think of the day
when all this Hell will be out of the way.
When none of this mess will have been in vain
and the lights of the world will blaze again;
And things will be as they were before
and kids will laugh in the streets once more.
And the Axis flag will be dipped and furled
and God looks down on a peaceful world.

—*Wyoming Eagle*

Ye Old Timers

Old Timer Passes

STEVE ANGELOVICH, SR., age 83, passed away Saturday night, December 11, 1943, at the Wyoming General Hospital, Rock Springs, where he had been a patient for a short time.



Steve Angelovich

Mr. Angelovich had resided in Rock Springs for 53 years, working for The Union Pacific Coal Company until his retirement on March 11, 1932. He was a member of the Old Timers' Association. In 1932, he was inducted into the 40-year Class and was very proud of this fact.

Mr. Angelovich came to the United States from Czecho-Slovakia in the early 1880s, locating first in Bridgeport, Connecticut. In 1890, he came to Rock Springs, bringing with him his wife whom he had married in Czecho-Slovakia during one of his trips back to his native country. Mr. and Mrs. Angelovich celebrated their 58th wedding anniversary on November 23, 1943.

Mr. Angelovich is survived by his widow, six sons, two daughters, thirteen grandchildren, and two great grandchildren. His sons and daughters are Alex Shando Angelovich of Gary, Indiana; Steve Angelovich of Boulder, Colorado; Mrs. Mike Palko, Mrs. Andrew Davis, and Andrew, Albert and Joseph Angelovich, all of Rock Springs, Wyoming; and George Angelovich of Oakland, California.

One of the tragedies of his life was when his son

John, while serving in World War I, lost his life when the U. S. S. Cyclops was lost and was never again heard of after sailing from a South American port.

One of his grandsons, Mike Palko, Jr., is serving in the Aleutians in World War II.

Funeral services were held at 10 A. M., Monday, December 13, 1943, at the North Side Catholic Church, with Rev. Albin Gnidovec, Rev. S. A. Welsh, and Rev. George Bauer officiating at the services.

Mr. Angelovich was a fine type of citizen and had many friends in this community. Our sympathy goes out to his immediate family and relatives.

Mr. And Mrs. John Holmes Leave Reliance

MR. JOHN HOLMES, who came to Reliance 26 years ago, has retired and left Reliance to live in Cheyenne. He entered our service at Superior, Wyoming, in 1917, residing there for three years and moving to Reliance in 1920. He worked in the mines for a period of years and more recently was employed by the Southern Wyoming Utilities Company at its pumping plant which furnishes water for the Town of Reliance.



Mr. and Mrs. John Holmes

The people of Reliance regret the moving of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, as they have been quite prominent in all community activities there.

Mr. and Mrs. Holmes chose Cheyenne as their place of residence, because a son, C. T. Holmes, is

employed by the Internal Revenue Department and resides there with his family. They have three other sons, Capt. John Holmes who is with an engineers' unit in Virginia; C. F. Holmes of Ely, Nevada; and Harry Holmes of Minersville, Utah. A daughter, Mrs. John Porenta, resides at Reliance where her husband is employed.

We regret Mr. Holmes' retirement from the service, as he was a loyal employe and performed every task assigned him to the satisfaction of his employer. We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Holmes will find their new home congenial.

David Abraham Passes

THE DEATH of David Abraham, who died Sunday, December 5th, at the Wyoming General Hospital, marked the passing of a real old timer and a long-time employe of The Union Pacific Coal Company.



David Abraham

He was born May 8, 1867, at Karkely, Wales. When a youngster, he came to the United States and lived in Pennsylvania and Utah prior to coming to Rock Springs. He entered the service of The Union Pacific Coal Company at No. 1 Mine, Rock Springs, September 25, 1881. He is a member of the Old

Timers Association and of the 40-year Class of 1926. He was retired on pension November 1, 1931. For several years prior to his retirement, Mr. Abraham was an electrical repairman, having gained his first knowledge of electricity in operating and repairing the Thompson-Houston locomotive which now stands in front of the Old Timers' Building in Rock Springs.

He is survived by his wife, Sarah; one son, John Abraham of Cheyenne; four daughters, Mrs. Morgan Powell of Talihina, Oklahoma, Mrs. Clarence Overy of Rock Springs, Mrs. Esther Gravelle of Denver, and Mrs. Donald Grimes of Etworth, Iowa; ten grandchildren, one brother, and three sisters.

Funeral services were conducted from the Baptist Church on Wednesday, December 8th, with the Rev. Edward E. Acheson officiating.

Our sympathy is extended to his immediate family and relatives.

There is a broad distinction between character and reputation, for one may be destroyed by slander, while the other can never be harmed save by its possessor. Reputation is in no man's keeping. You and I cannot determine what other men shall think and say about us. We can only determine what they ought to think of us and say about us.

—J. G. Holland.

Engineering Department

The Development Of Wrought Iron Manufacture

H. S. WAKABAYASHI

TODAY, in the field of engineering construction and maintenance, wrought iron occupies a position that has increased rapidly in importance, and wrought iron products are now employed for a greater number of applications than ever before. This is attributed partly to the fact that the economy of installing wrought iron has been established on the basis of results obtained in actual service and partly to the comparatively small increase in first or initial cost of the completed wrought iron installation over that of a similar installation in which the cheapest metal is used.

Wrought iron is best described as a two-component metal consisting of high purity iron and iron silicate, a particular type of glass-like slag. The iron and slag are in physical association, as contrasted to the chemical or alloy relationship that generally exists between the constituents of other metals.

Many different processes have been employed in the manufacture of wrought iron, but, peculiarly, the characteristics of the metal and the metallurgical principles used in producing it have remained unchanged. With any method of manufacture, the initial product, which is subsequently squeezed and rolled, is always composed of a pasty, semi-fluid mass of cohering, slag-coated granules of refined iron.

Until comparatively recent times, the slag content of wrought iron was considered as an undesirable impurity. It was present because the maximum temperatures attained in the furnaces used were not sufficiently high to keep the iron in the molten or liquid state after the greater portion of the metalloid impurities, principally carbon, had been eliminated. Today, of course, the slag is generally recognized as being responsible in a large measure for the desirable properties of wrought iron—particularly its resistance to corrosion and fatigue.

Wrought iron was known and used long before the beginnings of recorded history, and evidence of this is available today. A wrought iron sickle blade was found beneath the base of a sphinx in Karnak, near Thebes, Egypt; while a blade probably over 5000 years old was found in one of the pyramids. Other similar discoveries have been made in Europe, the Mediterranean countries, and the Far East.

All of the early methods used for wrought iron manufacture were based on producing the finished

product in one operation. These were known as direct methods. It was only after the introduction of the blast furnace during the fourteenth century A. D. that the indirect methods were developed.

The production of wrought iron became a matter of great importance to our primitive ancestors, and in the course of time they learned to distinguish the iron-bearing ore that would produce the largest yield of metal and to build it into piles around their fires. Very likely they later found that the metal could be produced more quickly when the ore was broken up and mixed with the fuel. The first iron furnace of which there is any information consisted merely of a hole in the ground with an opening at the bottom to provide natural draft.

The origin of forced draft in wrought iron making is unknown, but prior to 1500 B. C., the Egyptians had developed bellows made of goat skin with a bamboo nozzle and an air inlet valve. The operator of the bellows, probably a slave, stood on the skin bag to expel the air and reinflated it by pulling on a string attached to the top. The use of forced draft was one of the first major developments in wrought iron manufacture.

The development of the original furnace, as such, is generally credited to the Asiatics, who also introduced the idea of adding layers of the ore and fuel mixture at the top of the fire as reduction took place. The early Asiatic furnace had a trough at the top from which the smelter raked the raw material on the fire.

As the reduction took place, the refined iron collected at the bottom of the furnace in a spongy mass which, after a sufficient amount had been obtained, was taken out and forged.

The Catalan Forge, originated about 1293 A. D. by the iron workers of Catalonia in Spain, represented a major advance in the manufacture of wrought iron direct from the ore. This was a hearth type furnace consisting of a hearth or crucible in which the mixture of ore and fuel was placed. The air blast, produced by means of a trompe or water blower, entered the furnace through tuyeres near the bottom.

The American Bloomery, an offspring of the Catalan Forge, represented the highest development of the hearth type of furnace. The hearth was rectangular in shape, with water cooled metal sides, and was surmounted by a chimney for carrying off waste gases. A forced hot-blast was used, and the bellows supplying the blast were driven by a water

wheel or a steam engine. As in all of the other direct processes, charcoal was used as fuel.

In the fourteenth century, the wasteful and tedious methods of producing wrought iron direct from the ore began to be replaced by a division of the operation into two stages. Previous to this, the single-stage reduction had been uncertain as to results and tremendously wasteful of time and materials.

Little difficulty was encountered in ridding the manganese, sulphur, phosphorous, and other impurities from the iron, but the elimination of the carbon in the iron was a doubtful process because the charcoal used as fuel was an energetic carburizing agent, and it was only by the most painstaking care that the wrought iron, when brought into contact with this fuel, was prevented from recarburizing to the point where it was no longer malleable and ductile.

It was discovered that a second heating would serve to further refine the metal which had been so over-carburized, and the wrought iron produced by this additional working was more uniform and otherwise superior to the product of the single reduction. In this second operation which ordinarily was carried out in a Catalan type of furnace, the iron was further refined, and in addition, a portion of the slag was removed. This double refined ball of wrought iron was called the "blume," or flower, from which the present use of the word "hloom" is derived.

In 1784, Henry Cort, of England, utilized the reverberatory furnace in the development of his revolutionary "Dry Puddling" process for wrought iron manufacture. He hollowed out the hearth of the furnace so as to make a "puddle" of molten iron which was stirred to speed up the refining operation. The hearth was lined with sand which fused with some of the iron oxide, resulting from partial oxidation of the iron to form a siliceous slag. Coal instead of charcoal was used as a fuel. Unfortunately, Cort's "Dry Puddling" process was very wasteful of iron, and in some instances, the iron loss amounted to as much as 30 per cent of the total metal charged.

Several years later, about 1830, Joseph Hall modified Cort's development in an effort to reduce the iron loss. He substituted old bottom material for the same hearth lining and thus introduced the oxide bottom which cut the iron loss to about 10 per cent and shortened the time of heat. This new process was first called "Wet Puddling" due to the large amount of slag formed. Today this process is referred to generally as the "Puddling Process."

The most important fact about the puddling process was that the production of wrought iron increased greatly, growing in one plant from ten tons per week by the old methods to two hundred tons per week with the new. Also, the handling of larger masses of iron and the use of improved methods and equipment made available a wrought iron of better quality than that produced previously.

From the time it was introduced, until within the past decade, the hand-puddling process had serious limitations, particularly from the standpoint of quantity production and physical uniformity of the finished product. As a result, numerous attempts were made to develop machines that would do the same work that the puddler did in operating a hand puddling furnace.

Most of the mechanical furnaces invented during the nineteenth century were planned to follow the general lines of hand-puddling, by effecting refining, disintegrating, and balling of the metal in one furnace. Rotary or oscillating movement of the furnace was substituted for the manual effort of the puddler without taking into consideration the important fact, which was discovered subsequently through research, that the quality of the wrought iron produced in the hand-puddling furnace was directly proportional to the skill of the puddler and beyond that skill no scientific control was possible. Thus, the primary obstacle to successful mechanical puddling was a lack of control and of consistency of product, as related to different heats or throughout the mass of a single heat.

Failure, or only partial success of the various mechanical puddling furnaces, led to an entirely new but most logical approach to the problem of wrought iron manufacture. This method of approach was just as radical a departure from the accepted principles as was Cort's development in 1784. It involved a study of the metal itself by utilizing to the fullest extent the modern metallurgical microscope and the chemical laboratory.

Prior to 1915, practically all the attention had been given to methods for producing wrought iron with very little effort directed toward a study of the metal itself. In 1915, however, an exhaustive study of the metal, wrought iron, was started. Hundreds of samples of old wrought iron with known records of service were analyzed in the chemical laboratory and studied under the microscope. It was found that the metal consisted of a matrix of high purity iron in which thousands of threads or fibres of ferrous silicate were embedded. The microscope revealed that approximately 250,000 of the siliceous fibres were present in each cross sectional square inch of good quality wrought iron.

The research program briefly described above was the first effort made to study wrought iron from the standpoint of the material itself, rather than the method of manufacture. The manufacture of wrought iron, viewed from the new angle, finally resolved itself into the problem of selecting equipment suitable for carrying out each of the operations separately and subsequently combining the products of the various steps to produce the finished metal.

A study of the puddling process revealed that certain essential reactions took place in the puddling furnace. Three are listed as follows: (1) To melt and refine the base metal. (2) To produce and keep molten a proper slag. (3) To granulate the

base metal and mechanically incorporate with it the desired amount of slag.

The modern method of manufacturing wrought iron conforms to the hand-puddling process in all of these three essential steps. Each step, however, is separated and carried out in individual pieces of equipment best suited to that operation. This new process has resulted in a magnitude of production, control of operations, and assurance of uniformity of product undreamed of by the old iron masters.

The raw material from which wrought iron is made consists of pig iron, iron oxide, and silica. The pig iron is melted continuously in cupolas, tapped into ladles where it receives a special desulphurizing treatment, and is then conveyed to a Bessemer Converter, where it is purified to the highly refined state required for the base metal. It is then poured into the ladle of the processing machine.

In the meantime, an exact silicate slag formed by melting together iron oxide and certain siliceous materials in an open hearth furnace is poured into a ladle and carried to the processing machine.

Next follows the key operation of the process—that of refined metal disintegration and slag incorporation. The molten refined iron is poured at a predetermined rate into the ladle containing the molten slag. The processing machine automatically oscillates as well as moves forward and backward, insuring a uniform distribution of the refined metal into the slag.

Since the temperature of the slag is maintained a few hundred degrees lower than the freezing point of the refined iron, the latter is continuously and rapidly solidified. This rapid solidification liberates the gases dissolved in the molten metal with such force that the metal is shattered into small fragments which settle to the bottom of the slag ladle. Due to the welding temperature and the fluxing action of the siliceous slag, these fragments cohere to form a sponge-like ball of iron impregnated with the liquid slag.

The sponge ball weighing 6000 to 8000 pounds is dumped on the platform of an electrically driven press. The press ejects the surplus slag and welds the cellular mass of slag coated particles of plastic iron into a solid bloom.

The bloom of wrought iron formed during the pressing operation is rolled on the blooming mill to produce slabs or billets which are subsequently rolled on the plate, sheet, or bar mills into the desired product.

Thus, from a study of the traceable history of wrought iron, it is learned that many different stages of development, each designed to improve quality and increase output, left unaltered the natural combination of high purity iron and siliceous slag which is found only in wrought iron.

No man regrets the flight of time like the one who fails to improve it.

—Elbert Hubbard

The National Foundation For Infantile Paralysis

Annual Fund-Raising Appeal

INFANTILE paralysis epidemics which surged to their highest point in several years during 1943 might have provided a major setback for America's war effort if it had not been for the dimes and dollars given by the American people during the annual celebrations of President Roosevelt's birthday each January 30, declares Basil O'Connor, president of The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

The toll of the disease was materially less because the people were so well prepared against just such an emergency, he states.

"In the war against polio, as in any war, speed of action is decisive and this year when the shadow of this plague looms large over our vital war effort, it was of the utmost importance that we were prepared with money and equipment to marshal our forces quickly to every point that the epidemic enemy invaded," he said. "It was particularly important that the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis—which is owned and maintained by the American people—had trained hundreds of Kenny technicians before the serious outbreaks occurred."

Due to the 1943 epidemics, there is an increased need for contributions during the 1944 Fund-Raising Appeal which extends from January 14th to 31st inclusive. So—Join the March of Dimes—send your dimes and dollars to the President at the White House.

**FIGHT INFANTILE
PARALYSIS
JANUARY 14-31**

Song In Battle

SAILORS returning from the theaters of war have brought back the touching story of shipmates at sea whose voices echoed through the din of battle with songs of courage, comfort . . . and songs of home.

These were the hundreds of sailor choristers who had been trained at Great Lakes by Chaplain Hjalmar Hanson and who had not forgotten to raise their voices once again for the inspiration men needed in battle. Impressive was the story of 50 bluejackets who sang the hymn, "The Old Rugged Cross," as bombs rained down upon the decks of the Lexington. The voices became fewer and fewer and the tune grew thinner as one by one the bluejackets dropped from the chorus forever. But the words echoed on through the night, bringing strength and fortitude to the surviving crew.

—Kansas City Star

Of Interest to Women

BY MARY P. PERKO

DRIED PEAS and beans and lentils, which furnish the making of many an honest, homely dish, are unusually plentiful this season. It is estimated by the Department of Agriculture that the harvests of all three were among the largest on record. Accordingly, the War Food Administration recently removed peas and lentils from the ration list and kept beans at the low value of two points a pound.

In the following recipes any variety of bean, pea or lentil may be used interchangeably. When the directions say "cooked beans," it is understood that the beans (or lentils or peas) have been prepared in this fashion: Soak legumes overnight, or at least six hours, in cold water to cover, and simmer in the same water over very low heat until tender. Two cups of dried legumes make five to six cups when cooked.

HOPPING JOHN (Serves six)

Cook a ham bone or knuckle in two quarts of water for two hours. Then add one cup of dried peas or beans that have been soaked overnight in cold water, and cook until almost tender. Remove the bone, add a cup of washed rice and salt and pepper. Boil gently about twenty minutes, or until the rice is soft and the liquid almost cooked away. Serve piping hot.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS (Serves six)

Soak two cups of beans overnight in one and a half quarts of cold water. In the morning, simmer for forty-five minutes, or until the beans begin to soften. Score a fourth-pound piece of salt pork and put half of the pork in the bottom of a bean pot. Add the beans and bury the other half of the pork in the top portion of the beans, with only the scored rind exposed. Mix four tablespoons of molasses, one to two teaspoons of salt and one-half teaspoon of mustard with a little hot water. Pour over the beans and cover with hot water. Put a lid on the pot and bake in a slow oven for six or seven hours. Add a little hot water from time to time. During the last hour of baking, remove the lid to let the beans and pork brown on top. Leftovers may be chilled and served in salads and sandwiches.

BEAN LOAF (Serves four)

- 2 cups cooked beans
- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1 egg
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk or bean stock
- 2 tablespoons grated onion
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 2 tablespoons bacon or other fat

- 2 teaspoons celery salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon sage (optional)

Mash beans or rub through a coarse sieve. Mix all ingredients well and bake in a greased loaf pan or casserole, in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for twenty-five minutes, or until firm and brown. Serve with parsley sauce.

PARSLEY SAUCE

- 2 tablespoons margarine
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon onion juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- Dash cayenne pepper
- 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley

Melt margarine, add flour, blend, add other ingredients. Boil a minute, stirring constantly.

Fashions

JUMPER dresses, with big fabric handbags to match, are a new feature now being shown by the stores. A nicely tailored jumper in gabardine is trimmed with contrast braiding, matched by an envelope bag with similar braiding. Another is a peasant style with simulated apron in colorful yarn embroidery, which has its own big drawstring bag in felt with similar design in embroidery.

Embroidery is an important theme in colorful peasant types, in a dainty lace-effect pattern or in tailored motifs. Peasant style blouses are embroidered to match the jumpers in several instances, made with high, round necklines and long sleeves gathered into a cuff.

Bolero and jacket combinations with skirts are also a part of the collection, again featuring the embroidered details. Among others is a wool-like rayon with white cord embroidery on sleeves, front and skirt border.

Jumper themes that look new and youthful include a sweetheart neckline, sequins sprinkled over front and pockets, or three bows in front. Big wool felt bags are being favored; three-compartment types in one to three colors, some in drawstring and others in strap types, most of them colorfully embroidered.

Undercoat pastels—for early January and February, constitute a good part of the dress news. Both cashmeres and boucles are shown, mostly in softly tailored one- and two-piece styles. The boucles favor the suit-dress idea, with cut-away, tailored or fly-front tops, combining with pleated skirts. Rayon jerseys are shown in a number of very vivid all-over florals, as well as soft pastels and woven pin-

checks. Interpreted with a preference for soft details, such as ruffles, tucked yokes, bows, they come in slim silhouette lines.

In Furs—New York favorites are—

Mink—As a most sensible serious-money investment. The favored style is the full-length coat with turned back cuffs.

Persian Lamb—Shares almost equal place with muskrat. Persian Lamb should be glossy and flexible. Style presentations indicate the straight silhouette or the new soft draped effect in a fitted model, soft rolled collar, or the small notch collar, and the widely accepted generous turn back cuff.

Muskrat—Is chosen as the fur that is luxurious, durable, and practical, "your wardrobe's best friend." Muskrat is sable-blended, or mink-blended. Same styles are used as in mink, such as rolling tuxedos and turn back cuffs.

Diamonds were conspicuous for size, for abundance and for beauty in the recent Diamond Jubilee celebrated at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. As a special touch, several wore diamond pendants on their foreheads.

1943 at the opera was full dress for women (men were in black ties); specifically long-skirted dresses though, they were quieted down by higher necklines, long sleeves and slender skirts and darkened colors.

Black was at its strongest, and oddly enough, white was the alternative. One ensemble especially typified the mood—a black fox three-quarter cape over a black chiffon veiled shoulder and sleeve-dress, with velvet applique on the bosom, with a magnificent diamond choker suspended and enormous diamond earrings.

Many women topped black dresses with ermine wraps—a surprising number—but this year the shorter lengths were predominant. Little boleros of platina fox were newcomers. The short dress was definitely not the opera dress—it appeared, but only as a minority.

Beauty

ANY WIND is an ill wind for beauty. Dermatologists explain that the brisk, frosty breezes of winter, if left to their own devices, will cause a rapid evaporation of the natural moisture which lubricates every skin and leaves it unnaturally dry. The result is that perennial wintertime ailment, chapping.

Since it is the wind rather than the cold which causes the trouble (the cold, doctors explain, is actually stimulating and beneficial to the complexion), the answer is a cosmetic "windbreaker" for exposed tissues.

Chapped lips are uncomfortable, unattractive and unnecessary. The lips need both lubrication and constant protection. The habit of moistening the lips as they become cold and dry only adds to

the difficulty. There is a special lipstick foundation with rich, emollient ingredients which form a softening film under the regular lip rouge. Packed in an ordinary white plastic lipstick case, this colorless pomade is a great favorite with skiers, both male and female. It makes the lipstick go on as smooth as silk, and if worn on top, adds a lustrous sheen.

Chapped cheeks may result from the dehydrating effect of steam heat indoors as well as from the wind outside. If the harm has already been done, avoid the use of irritating soap as a cleanser and for a few days clean the skin with ordinary albolene, wiping it off with dry cotton. Makeup for the prevention of chapping should include a foundation with a creamy wind-breaking base.

Chapped hands present another winter beauty problem. A pair of cosmetic "mittens" should be worn at all times, both outdoors and in. There is on the market for this purpose, a velvety white cream, which may be used both as a corrective and as a protective measure. Applied generously at night—and in a thin film during the day—this fragrant cream seems to soften and whiten at the same time. It also is excellent for hard cuticles.

The effect of a facial masque is thorough, manifold and immediate. Beauty experts are discovering that this treatment, once considered an extravagance, is one of the most popular among wartime women. Here are some of the things, according to beauticians, that masques can do.

A masque can stimulate circulation—Most modern facial packs contain, besides a clay base and glycerine solvent, some aromatic ingredient, almond or balsam or menthol of wintergreen—which evaporates on the skin, causing a tingling sensation. A really "stingy" preparation is best for this purpose. If the complexion in question is particularly dry and sensitive, a slight film of night cream can be applied before the masque.

A masque can cleanse—The masque of thick consistency encases the entire face in a sort of hermetic seal, which functions in much the same manner as a reducing cabinet. It forces the pores to perspire, and thus to free themselves of accumulated impurities. There is a preparation of this coverup variety on the market now, which the makers have introduced into war plants throughout the West, because of its ability to get at ingrained soil. It is applied thickly over face and hands, left on for twenty minutes and then removed with a spatula or ordinary silver teaspoon. The preparation is rich and creamy and leaves one's complexion not only clean but also soft.

A masque can refresh—The herbal content of many of the modern facials is credited by doctors with a definite therapeutic effect beyond the regular bracing qualities of the stimulant.

Faint heart never won fair lady. Nor did it ever get away from one.

Our Little Folks

The Well Story

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

ONE DAY, Brer Rabbit, and Brer Fox, and Brer Coon, and Brer Bear, and a whole lot of 'em were clearing up a new ground to plant a roasting ear patch. De sun begun to git sort of hot, and Brer Rabbit got tired; but he didn't let on, 'cause he feared de balance of 'em would call him lazy. He kept on toting off trash and piling up brush. By and by, he hollered out dat he got a brier in his hand. Then he take and slip off and hunt for a cool place to rest.

After a while he come across a well with a bucket hanging in it. It was one of them wells like dat one down on your grandmammy's plantation, with a bucket on dis end of de rope and another bucket on de other end of de rope, what works with a pulley at de top. You remembers about dat well, don't you, boney?

Brer Rabbit come along and see dat bucket hanging there, and he say:

"Dat looks like a cool place to rest, and cool I expect she is. I'll just about git in there and take a nap."

In he jump, he did, and he ain't no sooner fix himself than de bucket begun to go down! There ain't been no worse scared beast since de world begin than this here same Brer Rabbit. He know where he come from, but he don't know where he gwine.

Directly de bucket hit de water and there she sit. Brer Rabbit keep mighty still, 'cause he don't know what minute gwine to be de next. He jest lay there and shook and shiver.

Brer Fox always got one eye on Brer Rabbit, and when he see him slip off from de new ground, he sneak after him. He know Brer Rabbit up to something or other, and he take and creep off and watch him. Brer Fox see Brer Rabbit come to de well and stop, and he see him jump in de bucket. Then, lo and behold, he see him go down out of sight!

Brer Fox was de most astonished fox dat you ever laid eyes on. He sit there in the bushes and study and study, but he don't make heads nor tails to this kind of business. He says to himself, says he:

"Well, if this don't bang my times, then Joe's dead and Sal's a widow! Right down there in dat well Brer Rabbit keeps his money hid. If it ain't dat, then he's gone and discovered a gold mine. If it ain't dat—well, I gwine to see what's in there."

Brer Fox creep up a little nigher and listen. But he don't hear no fuss. He keep on gettin' nigher, but he don't hear nothing. By and by, he git up close and peep down, but he don't see nothing and he don't hear nothing.

All this time Brer Rabbit mighty nigh scared out of his skin. He feared to move 'cause de bucket might keel over and spill him out in de water. While he was saying his prayers over like a train of cars running, old Brer Fox holler out:

"Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who you visiting down there?"

"Who? Me? Oh, I'm just a-fishing, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit. "I jest say to myself dat I sort of surprise you all with a mess of fishes for dinner, I says. So here I is, and there's de fishes. I'm fishing for suckers, Brer Fox."

"Is there many of 'em down there, Brer Rabbit?"

"Scores and scores of 'em. Come on down and help me haul 'em in, Brer Fox," says Brer Rabbit.

"How I gwine to git down, Brer Rabbit?"

"Jump in de bucket, Brer Fox. It will fetch you down all safe and sound."

Brer Rabbit talk so happy and talk so sweet dat Brer Fox jump in de bucket, and as he went down of course his weight pull Brer Rabbit up. When they pass one another on de halfway ground, Brer Rabbit sing out:

"Good-by, Brer Fox, take care of your clothes,

For this is de way de wor-rild goes;

Some goes up and some goes down,

You'll git to the bottom all safe and sound."

When Brer Rabbit got out, he gallop off and told de folks what de well belong to, dat Brer Fox was down in there muddying up de drinking water. Then he gallop back to de well and holler down to Brer Fox:

"Here comes a man with a great big gun—

When he haul you up, you jump and run."

In jest about half an hour, honey, both of 'em was back in de new ground jest like they never heard tell of no well. Every now and then Brer Rabbit would bust out in a big laugh, and old Brer Fox, he would git a spell of de dry grins.

A woman whose husband had been called up for service saw him off at the station. As the train left, she burst into tears.

When the station-master tried to cheer her up hy saying that her husband would probably come back all right, she said: "It's not him I'm crying about—it's them poor Germans; I know what my Bill's temper's like!"

"Are there any marks on the baby?" asked the anxious father.

"Yes," replied the doctor, significantly, recalling that the father was notoriously lax in paying bills. "He's marked C. O. D."

Boy Scout Activities

BY LOWELL E. LARSEN

Hi! Scouts 'n Scouters.

LDS Troop 99, Rock Springs, breaks trail this month for honest to gosh out-of-doors scout news. There's a hustle and a bustle in the 99ers' camp that from all indications has nothing to do with the holiday season, but I'm told will add a bit of excitement to the holiday vacation. Sleeping bags are being stuffed with extra rations of good wool blankets; pack racks are receiving final check-ups; boots and overshoes are being dug out of cellars. Scouts have been sniffing the air and keeping a knowing eye on Old Man Weather, and Cecil James has been thinking how snug and warm that down-filled sleeping bag will be on the first over-night hike of the winter camping season. Winter camping is a bit rough in this neck of the woods after snow begins to fly, but with "Be Prepared" as their motto and all Scouts carefully instructed and all equipment adapted to winter camping in Wyoming, here's betting they'll have a grand outing. An over-night hike a month is one of the many goals of the OUT in ScOUTing, and while Wyoming troops have never been particularly enthusiastic about winter camping, maybe after we're shown how it ought to be done, more troops will take the frosty trail and prove that we can camp in winter as well as in summer . . . in comfort!

Troop Inventory, Roll Call and Re-Registration are the big indoor activities for December. In Cache Valley Council all troop charters expire on January 31st. Previous to the date of charter expiration, an Inventory and Roll Call officer is appointed from the Council Office in Logan, Utah. This officer, together with troop committeemen and sponsoring institution officials, notifies the scoutmaster the date on which they will visit the troop for inspection. This inspection serves two purposes. First, it gives the sponsoring institution an opportunity to review the activities of the troop for the past year, to talk to the Scouts and the scoutmaster and to determine whether or not the work they are doing is worthy of continuation. Second, it serves as a report to the Council on the activities of the troop and gives them an opportunity to offer suggestions for improved troop operation, as well as providing statistical data for the National Council.

Troop 86 held Roll Call and Inventory on Wednesday night, December 8th. S. M. Boucher, Roll Call Officer, Ed James, District Commissioner, Committeemen Rosendale, Breihan and Rev. J. V. Crane reviewed the troop. At a candle-light ceremony, Tenderfoot Candidate Ronald W. Brown was invested into the troop. A Court of Honor was held and badges awarded to Scouts Stacey, Baldridge and Travelute. Asmussen and Stapp were presented Den Chief Shoulder Cords for the responsibilities they have recently assumed in Dens No. 1 and No. 2 of

Cub Pack 286, sponsored by the Congregational Church. Mrs. Lowell Larsen served hot chocolate and cookies at the close of the meeting. Twelve Scouts were re-registered for 1944 and we are pleased to report 100% subscription to Boy's Life.

Cub Pack 286 held Inventory and Roll Call at the Church Social Hall on Thursday night, December 9th. S. M. Boucher reviewed the Pack. The display of handicraft turned out by Cub Scouts was particularly interesting, with prizes going to Donald Shedden and Harlan Lawes. Handicraft articles ranged all the way from meat boards, sewing kits and knife holders to trucks, tanks and airplanes. Most of the articles are scheduled to end up under the Christmas Tree as a gift to Mom, Dad or little brother. Plans are being made to hold the next-Pack Meeting at Yellowstone School. Den No. 3 is very busy these days memorizing parts for their play which is to be presented at that meeting.

Bringing up the rear, we are sorry to report that we have nothing in the way of news from Winton, Reliance or Superior. No news is good news they say, so here's hoping Scouting is going great guns this month in the camps.

I wonder who Bill Gibbs had on the phone from 6:30 till 9:00 p. m. on the night of December 12th. Doggone, but that line was busy!

Ever yours,

Lowell E. Larsen

News About All of Us

Rock Springs

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Russell have gone to Clarksville, Arkansas, where they will live.

George Blakely was confined to his home for three weeks because of illness.

Edward James was a business visitor in Cheyenne.

Private Steve Kudar, of Keiger Field, Washington, visited here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Kudar.

Billie Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, was injured in an automobile accident at Green River.

Mrs. William Sherwood gave a party for her son, Robert, on his eleventh birthday.

Joseph Dyett, Jr., of Fort Sam Houston, Texas, was called here by the serious illness of his mother, Mrs. Joseph Dyett, Sr.

Mrs. Ben Butler entertained the Ladies' Guild of the Episcopal Church at her home on Dewar Drive.

Seaman John Begovich, of Farragut, Idaho, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Matt Begovich.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Potter have returned from an extended visit with relatives in Sidney, Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Rose are the parents of a son, born Thursday, December 2nd.

Mr. and Mrs. William Spence, of E Plane, visited at the Alex Easton home in Reliance.

Tony Paavola was confined to his home several days because of illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bozner visited at the Joe Yenonak home in Reliance.

Steve Sabo, of No. 8 Mine, has gone to Colorado to live. Staff Sergeant and Mrs. Harold Bean, of Aberdeen, Maryland, visited here with Mr. Bean's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bean.

John Lively has returned from Salt Lake City, where he received medical treatment.

Reliance

Mr. and Mrs. James Kelley and family spent Thanksgiving Day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Presley, in Evans-ton.

Mrs. G. Boice, of Salt Lake City, was a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Kallas.

Miss Maonie Grove and mother visited in Salt Lake City with Mr. and Mrs. B. Grove.

Mrs. James Zalenka is well again after being on the sick list.

Mrs. Johnny Bastalich was a patient at the Wyoming General Hospital.

Miss Afton Baxter, of Ogden, spent the Thanksgiving holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Baxter.

Mr. and Mrs. Luke Harrigan, of Green River, were at the Hugh Harrigan home in December.

Joe Telck, of the U. S. Army, was home recently with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Telck.

Visitors at the James Lee home during the month of December were Sergeant and Mrs. Hubert Douglas, of Athens, Georgia.

Mr. and Mrs. Guido Anselmi were business visitors in Cheyenne. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hensley, who visited with a nephew who is confined in the Veteran's Hospital there.

Winton

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cristando, Sr., of Hudson, Wyoming, old time residents of Winton, received word that their son Johnny is missing in action.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvan Robinson and son Ronnie returned from Denver, where they were with relatives for a week.

Mrs. William McMillan was called to Hanna because of the sickness of her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Pecolar.

Jayne Wilson and Francis Mullens, of Denver, spent Thanksgiving with their parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huffman and children have left to make their home in Ohio.

Alix Melonas returned from Salt Lake City after under-going an operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Adams, old time residents of Winton, moved to Sheridan, where they plan to make their home.

Mrs. John Milonas has returned from Washington, where she was called by the death of her mother.

Mrs. F. Nelson, of Lake Preston, South Dakota, has accepted the duties of housekeeper for Dr. F. W. Orvadahl.

Superior

Among the new arrivals are: a son to Mr. and Mrs. Leno Marietti on November 14; a son to Mr. and Mrs. Brooks Leigh on November 22; a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Jelaca on November 22; and a son to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Skidgel on December 2.

Emil Bertagnolli, of Camp Farragut, Idaho, was called home by the death of his brother, Aldo. Aldo died of pneumonia on November 22, at Amcs, Iowa.

Mrs. Earl G. Smith and son spent several days with relatives in Denver.

These are the boys who spent short furloughs here recently: Henry Smith, Jr., Blair Staley, Donald Powell, LeRoy Edwards and Guy Pasquini, Jr.

Ensign Chester H. Roberts was recently at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. Wayne Phillips.

Pete Galassi has returned home from San Francisco,

where he was employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hatt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Timonen and daughter Leona were dinner guests at the A. A. Asiala home on December 5th.

Mrs. Richard Colleoni and daughter Ellen and Esther Sisk were business visitors in Rock Springs on November 29th.

Mrs. Albert Barone, of Denver, was at the Earl Smith home for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthew, Jr., and family entertained at a Thanksgiving dinner for Fred Wall, Edna Wall and Mrs. Chris Gras and daughter.

Marlu Harris, of Salt Lake City, visited with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Harris. Miss Harris was graduated recently from Henager's Business College.

Ralph Cooper, of the U. S. Navy, visited his wife and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Noble.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Kattari and son John made a trip to Grand Junction, Colorado.

Mrs. A. W. Martin and Mrs. H. H. Reed and daughter Jane Ann were business visitors in Rock Springs on December 6th.

Mrs. Berness Edwards, of Rock Springs, visited with her brother, Guy Pasquini, who was home on furlough.

Hanna

Robert Henningsen, who is serving in the U. S. Navy, spent a leave here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Henningsen.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Clegg, of Merced, California, were in Hanna visiting Mr. Clegg's mother, Mrs. Carrie Clegg.

Mrs. Daisy Lehti took a trip to Casper to see her husband, Sgt. Uno Lehti, who is stationed there.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones were in Denver on December 5 and 6 attending capping ceremonies at St. Joseph's Hospital. Their daughter Donna Jean was among the sixty students who received their caps and capes at an impressive candle lighting service.

Pvt. Raymond Peterson arrived home from the South Pacific, where he has been on active service for the past 18 months. After visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Peterson, he left for Detroit to visit his wife, who is employed there. He then will go on to Philadelphia to report for duty again.

Mrs. William Hapgood and her mother, Mrs. Joseph Lucas, were in Denver recently.

Don Ainsworth, who is serving with the U. S. Navy, was here on leave visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ainsworth. While he was here he was united in marriage with Miss Dorothy Nunley, of Minneapolis, on Thanksgiving Day, at a home wedding with Rev. Richard Palmer officiating. Charlotte Fern Ainsworth, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and LeRoy Lemoine was the best man. Don has finished his studies at the University of Minnesota and is now a petty officer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Clark, who have resided in Hanna for the past twenty-five years, left for Salt Lake City, where they will make their home. Mr. Clark, who was employed by the Union Pacific Water Company, suffered a stroke a few years ago and was retired from service. Their many friends wish them every happiness in their new home.

The Junior Class of the Hanna High School presented the play, "Professor, How Could You!", to a large audience on their new stage at the gymnasium, on November 18.

Miss Connie Finch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Finch, of Hanna, underwent an emergency operation for appendicitis recently at Spokane, where she is employed. We are glad to report that she is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Edwards, of South Dakota, visited with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. DeForest.

Joe Bisignano is spending a furlough here with his mother, Mrs. Catherine Bisignano.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hastings are the proud parents of a baby boy born on December 9.

The General Offices

There is no substantial change in the attitude of the clerks downstairs—they still remain adamant, about as communicative as a bunch of fresh clams.

Eve Roger's husband is now in Italy and is anxious to see that vacant balcony. He has forewarned Eve of the coming of more booty.

Vieno Singo had a birthday on December 11th. It was remembered by Anna Baird, who sent her a card with a candy car enclosed. (That's a funny sounding sentence—sic 'em, ye old grammar hounds!) Mrs. Outsen sang happy birthday greetings a la Western Union in a deep staccato voice with undulating overtones and undertoned overlappings—whatever that means.

In the Personnel Department, we learned that Betty Jean Dickson had her hair cut and that her hubby, Sgt. Dickson, of the Signal Corps, is now at Camp Pinedale, Fresno, California. And Frances Bernard received from Sgt. Andy Soltis, in North Africa, two handkerchiefs and a silver bathtub—that seems a little fishy—it must have been a silver wash basin. It was inscribed:

TUNIS
August, 1943
LOVE
Andy

Now a pause for station identification. The management wishes to express its disapproval of the way LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, BABE was sung one evening by the night switchboard operator and a clerk. You boys might at least get the words right in this, a great Wagnerian selection. Why don't you two try your lungs out on Chopin's SCRATCH MY BACK WITH A SALAD FORK, SARAH. It's more dignified!

The Right Hon. John P. Muir is a frequent visitor in this building. His company is a real treat, but we do wish that he would remember to bring along his own cigarettes.

During the month of December, Mr. Pryde was in the Wyoming General Hospital for a few days with a slight attack of influenza.

Lt. Keith Madill, nephew of Ken Darling, recently sent word home that he is still a prisoner of the Japanese at the Philippine Military Prison Camp No. 1. On a regular form card, Keith further states, "My health is good. My family is well. (His wife Melba is an internee in the Philippines.) Please give my best to Parks and Nugent." Parks is his wife's family, and Nugent is a friend in Utah.

But the most heartening news of Keith and Melba comes from a Mrs. Jessie Mann, of the Bronx, N. Y., who just returned from the Philippines on the exchange ship "Gripsholm." She wrote Keith's father, Mr. B. C. Madill, of Baker, Oregon, that she had met and worked with Melba at Manila, in the Philippines, and enjoyed her company immeasurably. Mrs. Mann also said that Melba and Keith are in good health, but Keith being a prisoner of war, they are not together. However, they do hear from each other regularly.

We now must record for all time a typical mid-payroll-period conversation between the Assistant Treasurer and the Head Payroll Clerk:

Asst. Treas.: "When am I going to get the Superior payroll?"

Payroll Clerk: "Cooking with both burners, Jack. Will have it in your office at 4:30 P. M."

Asst. Treas.: (At 4:30 P. M.) "What happened with that payroll?"

Payroll Clerk: "Jack, I looked all afternoon for it. Finally found it. The Social Security clerk filed it by mistake in the vault with form 1504HA BE. Will have it in your hands in 15 minutes."

Asst. Treas.: (At 4:45 P. M.) "I haven't got Superior payroll yet!!"

Payroll Clerk: "If luck stays with me, I will have it in your hands by 5:00 o'clock."

Asst. Treas.: (At 5:00 P. M.) "Now, dammit, bring that roll in."

Payroll Clerk: "Don't give up, Jack; will have it there first thing off the fire in the morning."

Asst. Treas.: (The following morning) "Say, where's that Superior payroll?"

Payroll Clerk: "Superior? Jack, either your diction or my hearing is failing. I thought you wanted the Winton roll. Do you know where the Winton roll is?"

Asst. Treas.: "I'm going out to get some sun and air. When you find out where Toscanini buried his violin, please feel free to call upon me. Say, before I forget it, did Tony Zablinsky call for his voucher?"

Payroll Clerk: "What was his name?"

Asst. Treas.: "Who?"

Payroll Clerk: "Oh, Mackey, wherefore art thou?"

L. H. BROWN

Attorney at Law



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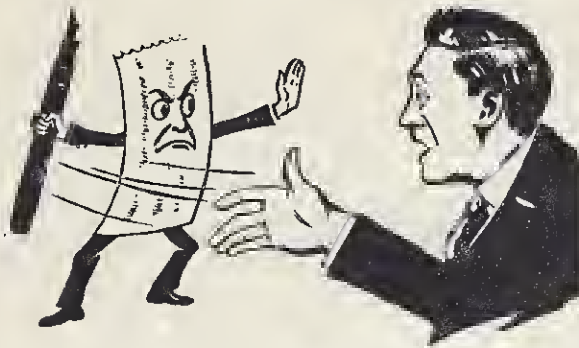
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Outstanding authorities are guessing that in 1944 we will have some of the goods that have been denied us for many months. Although we are now nearer the end than the beginning of this great war, we cannot expect a steady flow of new goods until the axis is completely smashed and the necessary machinery set up for peace-time production. Until then, our guess suggests:

MEAT—Plentiful supply for next three months

TIRES—About the same until fall of 1944

GASOLINE—No immediate change

FOOD—Plenty for everyone

MILK—Plenty in our district

FRUITS—Hard to get during most of 1944

SUGAR—No change at present

COFFEE—Plentiful supply, prices higher

JAMS—Scarce during 1944

WEARING APPAREL—More staple items during 1944

Living costs will advance gradually not to exceed 5% during the first half of 1944.

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